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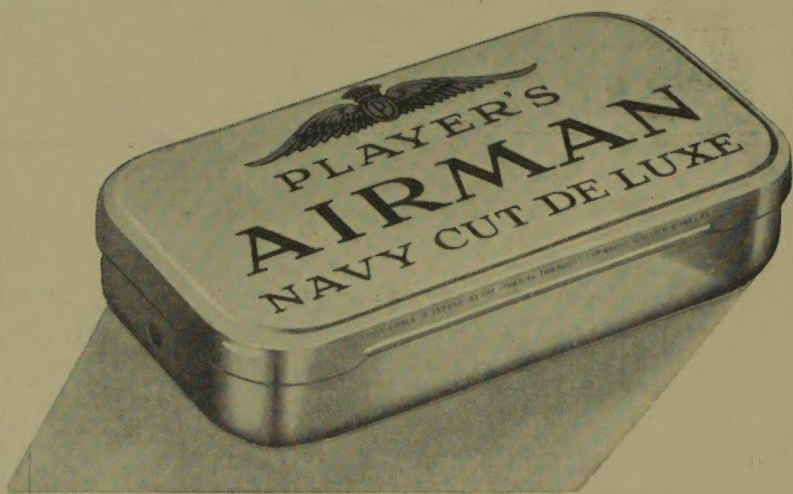
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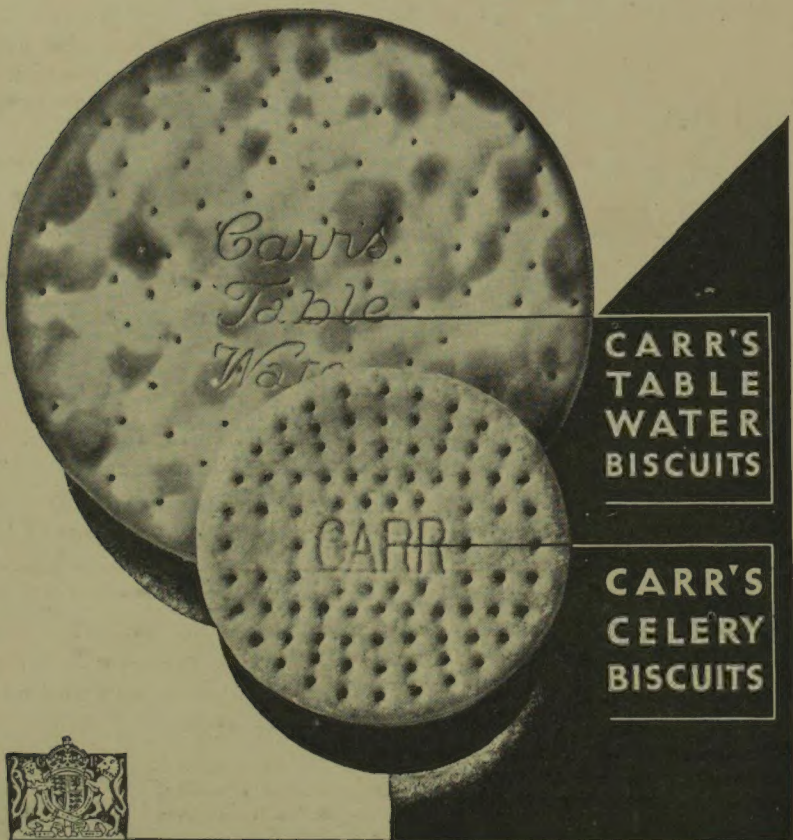
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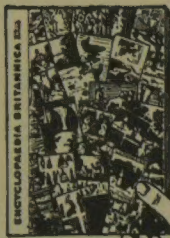
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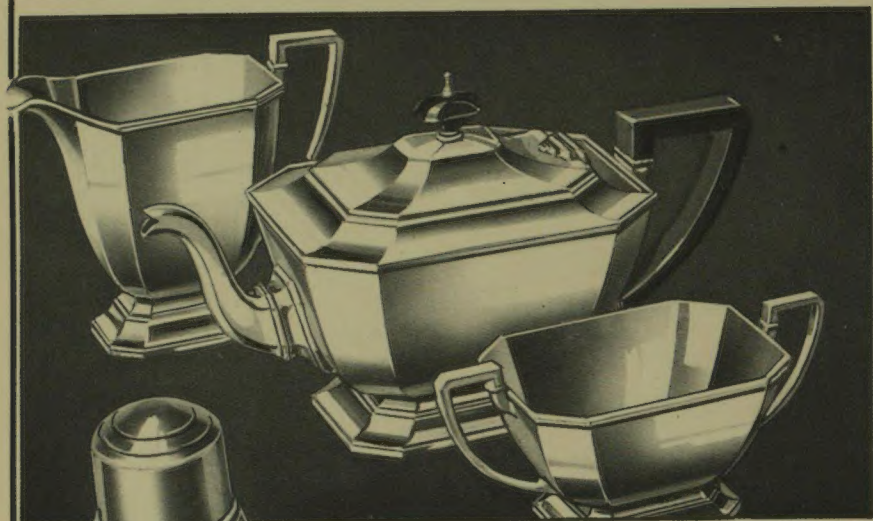
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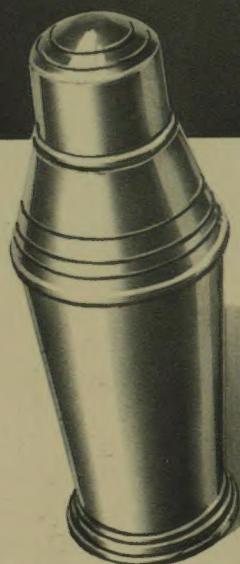


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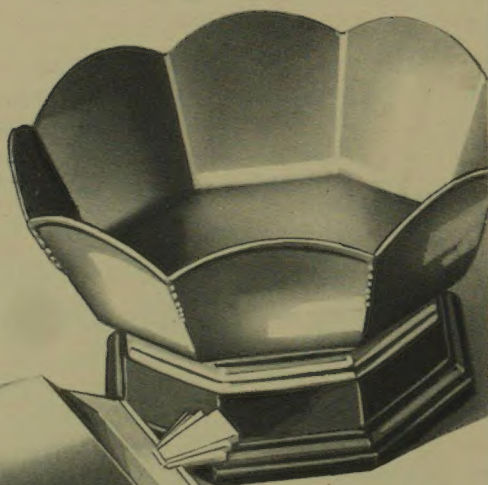
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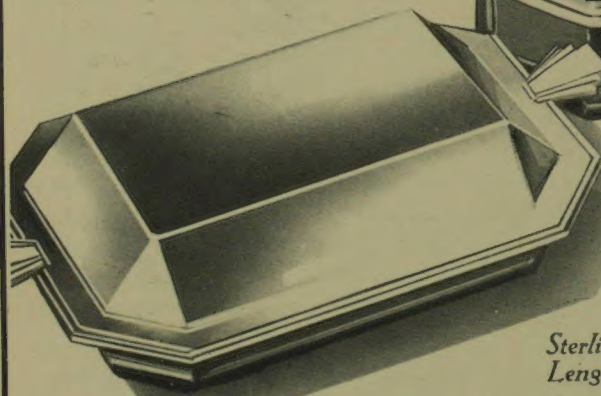
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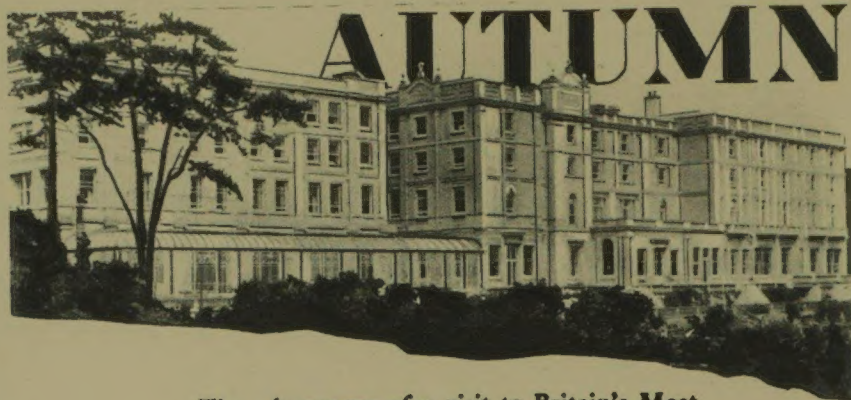
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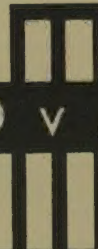

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1932.



BRITISH CAPTIVES OF CHINESE BANDITS HELD PRISONERS IN MANCHUKUO:

Mrs. K. P. H. Pawley and two friends, Mr. Charles Corkran and Mr. Duncan McIntosh, were captured and carried off by Chinese bandits, on September 7, on the racecourse at Newchwang (in Manchukuo), where they were training ponies. After they had been taken some distance, Mr. McIntosh escaped and gave the alarm, whereupon the Japanese authorities sent troops and aeroplanes in pursuit. Mrs. Pawley, who is eighteen and was married only last June, is a daughter of Dr. Phillips, a medical missionary, and was visiting her



MRS. PAWLEY, AND A GENERAL'S SON, MR. CHARLES CORKRAN (BELOW).

parents at Newchwang. Mr. Corkran is a son of General Sir Charles Corkran (formerly G.O.C., London District), and is employed by the Asiatic Petroleum Company, as are Mr. McIntosh and Mrs. Pawley's husband. The British Legation at Peking stated on September 12 that so far the captives had not been located and no contact had been made with the kidnapers. The British sloop "Sandwich" went to Newchwang to watch events. The Japanese commander there was instructed to offer the bandits pardon if they released their prisoners.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I KNOW very little about fashions; I seldom move in what are called fashionable circles. At this moment I do not want to move at all, and certainly not to move in circles. I become conscious, or half-conscious, of some change in dress or deportment when it has already become general. In this manner, for instance, it was lately borne in upon me that another change had taken place in the human countenance.

It is already a commonplace, I suppose, that the ideal and immortal Lover, as conceived by Shakespeare, "sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow," must now go away and sigh about something else. His mistress has no eyebrows; and it might be inferred that he would produce no ballads. Anyhow, it suggests a sort of metaphysical duel between the Lover and the Poet, rather attractive to the metaphysical poets of that period. Would the balladist still cling to his ballad, pursuing the abstract and archetypal image of an Eyebrow, even when it was entirely detached from a face? Would he prefer the lady's eyebrow to the lady, leaving the rest of the lady behind like so much lumber, and pursuing only that peculiar vision of vanished hair? Or would he make the supreme sacrifice of tearing up the ballad and taking up with the lady, however strangely disfigured, resolving henceforward to write ballads only about her nose, her ears, or some portion of her which it seemed improbable that she would be in any immediate hurry to cut off? Even about those, of course, he could never be quite safe, if amputation were really the fashion.

In fact, touching that famous phrase, I have often wondered why modern poets do not more often amuse themselves by reproducing the imaginary Ballad to an Eyebrow. Shakespeare is full of hints that could be used as the basis of all sorts of games and experiments; Browning accepted such a challenge in expanding the suggestive line of "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came"; and my own father, who was a man of many crafts and hobbies he had no ambition to exploit, made a table ornament modelled in every detail on the Three Caskets of Portia. Surely some of us might have a shot at a really Elizabethan address to the supercilious feature. Surely any modern writer, after sighing like a furnace for a few minutes, might be able to attempt something appropriate in the sixteenth-century manner—

As seven-dyed Iris doth o'erarch the spheres,
Love made that bridge that doth o'erarch thine eyne
Bright as that bonded bow enskied; a sign
Against the crystal Deluge of thy tears
As line on line, so brow to brow appears . . .

At this point the poet looks up at the lady's eyebrow and finds that it disappears. The pen drops from his fingers, and this immortal fragment (if I may so modestly describe it) remains for ever fragmentary. Shakespeare, especially the Shakespeare of the Sonnets, knew more than most people about the law of change and dissolution spread over

all earthly things, even those that seem the most natural—

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall Beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower.

I quote from memory. Anyhow, even this argument does not force us to a premature plucking of

For the real moral is rather interesting. I challenge anybody to deny that this custom, if it had not been adopted as hedonism, would have been denounced as hideous asceticism. Suppose people had been told twenty years ago, say in the great Suffrage period, that in some ancient societies women were made to shave off their eyebrows after marriage. Would it not have been instantly classed with the cruel disfigurements imposed by masculine jealousy, as in the Oriental wives who are made to black their teeth after marriage? Suppose that some Puritan fanatic had indignantly declared that nuns were made to shave their eyebrows. Should we ever have heard the last of the unnatural defacement of the human face at the command of superstition? Would not everybody have quite instinctively connected it with Fasts and Flagellants? Would it ever have occurred to anybody to connect it with fashion and pleasure? If anybody had told the Suffragette that the women in the harem liked having their hair pulled out an inch above their eyeballs, how the Suffragette would have yelled with derision of the cowardly masculine excuse! If anybody had told the late Mr. Kestit that a fashion of going bald above the eyes was started merely for fun among the nuns and novices themselves, how he would have snorted with incredulity! Yet the fashion has, to all appearance, been started merely for fun among the ladies themselves; and it may be presumed that they like it. I do not particularly care whether they have no eyebrows or three eyebrows, or green or triangular eyebrows, in those select circles where such things presumably start. But there is a certain intellectual interest in the way in which they seem nowadays, in so many cases, to start in the opposite direction from what one would normally call the pursuit of pleasure and beauty.

In short, the only real interest of such a trifle is that which connects it with some of

the serious arts and decorative schools of our day. It is, I suppose, an unconscious expression, parallel to many other such expressions, of an artistic movement towards something that is more or less severe and harsh and even dehumanised. It is part of a tendency to turn people into patterns rather than into pictures. As a reaction against the deliquescent sentimentalism that was the end of the old humanitarian sentiment, it is comprehensible enough; but it is comprehensible rather than commendable.

Anyhow, one thing is certain; that, though many periods in the past have a certain grim and grandiose solemnity, through the hardness of externals or the mathematical severity of lines, these periods always appear to us to be oppressive and inhuman. So that the age of the Bright Young Things may yet have to look forward to its own appearance in history, as a type of tyranny and slavery and stiff as the mummies of the dead.



THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN ON AUGUST 31: THE PHENOMENON PHOTOGRAPHED IN MAINE, U.S.A.—THE CORONA SEEN PERFECTLY.

The total eclipse of the sun on August 31 attracted myriads of watchers. The track of totality after passing the North Pole crossed Hudson Bay, Quebec Province, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine, and ended in the Atlantic. The duration of totality was about a hundred seconds. As the "Times" recorded, the sixty men of science who had gathered at Magog, Quebec, met with ill luck: their elaborate preparations came to naught, for clouds obscured the sun throughout the period of totality. Observers at other places were more fortunate. In New York, the "Times" noted, "virtually the whole population of the city stood in the broiling streets or found points of vantage on roofs or in the windows of skyscrapers to watch the eclipse. . . . The eclipse was only 95 per cent. complete here."

the flower or plucking out of the eyebrow. But, in spite of Shakespeare's somewhat excessive preoccupation, at one period, with the images of mutability and mortality, I very gravely doubt whether he ever did expect that sonnets or ballads to eyes, eyebrows, ears, noses, and the rest would ever become impossible by a general obliteration of these features. But what is stranger still, and what would have struck Shakespeare as very strange indeed, is the fact that this negative and destructive operation should take place in a society devoted to pleasure, and in an age commonly supposed to be even more pagan than his own.



THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN ON AUGUST 31: NEW YORKERS ON THE TOP OF A SKYSCRAPER WATCHING THE SPECTACLE, THEIR EYES PROTECTED BY TINTED GOGGLES, SMOKED GLASS, OR STRIPS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC FILM.

THROUGH A LAVA DESERT TO AN ARCTIC OASIS! ICELAND EXPLORATION.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE CAMBRIDGE EXPEDITION TO ICELAND.



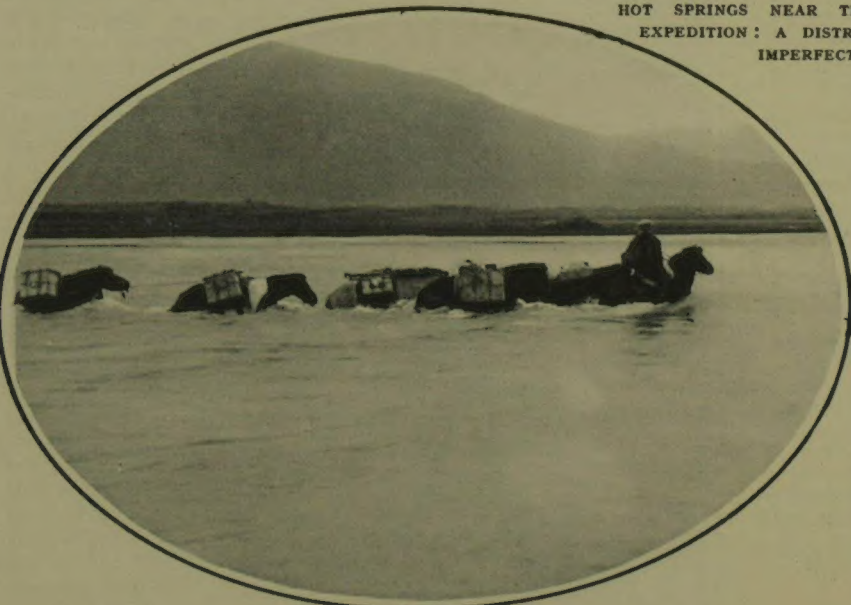
THE DIFFICULTY OF TRAVEL ON THE VATNA JÖKULL ICE-CAP OF ICELAND: MEMBERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE EXPEDITION AMONG THE CUT-UP SURFACE AND CONES OF GLACIAL DIRT.

THE expedition from Cambridge which left England in June to explore the region north of the Vatna Jökull ice-cap of Iceland returned at the end of August. The following description is taken from an account given by Mr. B. B. Roberts, the leader, and printed in the "Times": "The determination of the thickness of the ice by seismic methods, which was an important object of the expedition, had to be abandoned owing to a mechanical breakdown of the seismograph. We therefore crossed the ice-cap to Kverkfjöll. Owing to bad weather this took fifteen days, although the distance was only 37 miles. Early in the crossing a blizzard delayed us for four and a half days, during which time we had to remain in our sleeping-bags. We were further delayed on Bruarjökull, on the north side of the ice-cap, by extensive thaw streams and pools of slush. . . . The chief features of the Bruarjökull are the innumerable glacial dirt cones due

[Continued opposite.



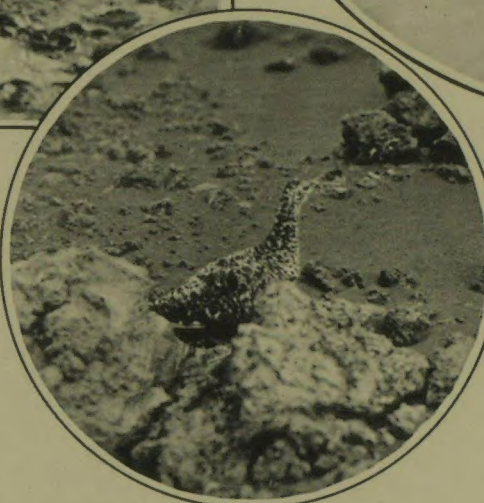
AN "OASIS" IN THE ICELAND DESERT! THE CHARACTERISTIC PLANT, *ARCHANGELICA*, OR *HVONA*, GROWING IN PROFUSION AT HVANNALINDIR (NAMED THEREFROM).



ONE OF THE MANY SWIFT RIVERS WHICH FLOW FROM THE ICE-CAP TO THE SEA: PACK PONIES FORDING THE FLOOD; A PICTURESQUE SCENE AGAINST A GRIM BACKGROUND.



ARDUOUS WORK WITH THE SLEDGE ON THE NORTH OF THE ICE-CAP: A PLACE WITH NUMEROUS THAW-POOLS WHERE THE SLEDGES CONTINUOUSLY BROKE THROUGH THE FROZEN CRUST.



AN ICELAND PTARMIGAN IN THE DESERT: ONE OF THE FEW SPECIES TO BE FOUND.



HOT SPRINGS NEAR THE BASE CAMP OF THE EXPEDITION: A DISTRICT IN ICELAND HITHERTO IMPERFECTLY MAPPED.



PART OF THE SOUTHERN END OF THE LAVA DESERT OF ODADAHRAUN, THROUGH WHICH MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION HAD TO GO TO REACH HVANNALINDIR.



A SMALL GLACIAL LAKE (NEAR THE BASE CAMP) WHERE THE EXPEDITION SPENT FIFTEEN DAYS: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE ICE-CLIFFS (NEARLY 90 FT. HIGH), AND THE INHOSPITABLE TERRAIN.

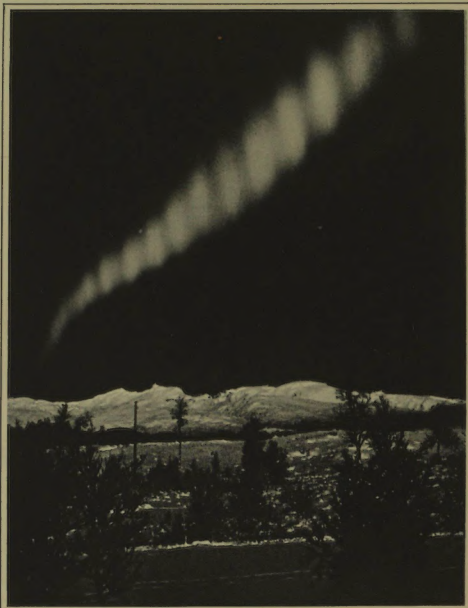
A MAGNIFICENT CELESTIAL PHENOMENON: THE NORTHERN LIGHTS PHOTOGRAPHED AND FILMED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

DR. ING. BAUER.



PART OF THE FIRST FILM EVER TAKEN OF THE AURORA BOREALIS: A SECTION SHOWING THE SUCCESSIVE PHASES OF DEVELOPMENT OF THE "DRAPERY" EFFECT IN A GREAT "CURTAIN" OF LIGHT.



LIKE THE TAIL OF A VAST SERPENT TRAILING ACROSS THE SKY: A STRANGE FORM 'OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS, FOR THE MOST PART GREEN, BUT OFTEN WITH A RED "HEM" AT THE BASE.

1.
WE reproduce here what undoubtedly are some of the finest photographs ever taken of the Aurora Borealis, secured recently in Norway by German observers, together with part of a film claimed to be the first ever made of the Northern Lights. While they represent the picturesque side of the Aurora, we may add that in a subsequent number we shall publish an illustrated article dealing fully with the scientific side of the subject. Describing how the photographs here given were obtained, a German writer says: "The northern polar light, the most magnificent phenomenon of the heavens, is still the subject of scientific investigation, although the enigma of its nature has been cleared up in its essential features. Physicists agree with Professor Störmer (Oslo) in assuming that immense swarms of electric particles (for example, electrons) are flung out from the sun and are conducted by the magnetic field of the earth to the polar areas, where, by their impact with the molecules of the air, they cause the latter to glow hot and luminous. The glowing light thus produced is situated at heights of 100 to 1000 kilometres above the earth's surface, from which it follows that even at this immense height the principal components of the air we breathe, nitrogen and oxygen, are still present."

(Continued on Dec. 2.)

A BARRAGE ON THE BROW OF NIGHT: A MAJESTIC PHASE OF THE GREAT PHENOMENON, GLOWING WITH HUES OF GREEN, RED, AND VIOLET, OVER A SNOW-CLAD RANGE.



2.

The height of the phenomenon is determined by photographing it simultaneously from two different points 40 kilometres distant from each other. From the displacement of its position relatively to the starry sky, photographed at the same time, an accurate calculation of height can be made just as in astronomy. A German expedition, equipped by the Notgemeinschaft Deutscher Wissenschaft, the Heinrich-Hertz-Gesellschaft, and the A.E.G., during the past winter was enabled, owing to improvements in photographing facilities, to record on a film the immense wealth of forms of the Northern Lights. The expedition was the guest of the Norwegian Aurora Borealis Observatory at Tromsø, near the North Cape. The young scientist Wilhelm Bauer, of Danzig, succeeded in detecting an invisible radiation in the Aurora Borealis, besides its splendour of colour; and also in photographing, jointly with Mr. Harang, the Director of the Observatory, the lowest Aurora hitherto observed (70 kilometres). By means of two cinema cameras, set up respectively at Tromsø and Tennes, 43 kilometres away, and the operators of which (Harang and Bauer) were in constant communication by telephone and headphones, this Aurora was filmed twice, a method of observation employed for the first time. In the polar year 1932-33 the progress made in the photography of the Aurora Borealis is to be developed still more effectively."



A CELESTIAL CROWN ABOVE THE ICY PEAKS: ONE OF THE CONSTANTLY CHANGING PHASES OF THE AURORA BOREALIS, WITH ITS FANTASTIC PLAY OF LIGHT AND COLOUR.



SUGGESTING SOME HUGE WINGED MONSTER OF THE NIGHT HOVERING OVER THE WORLD: AN AWE-INSPIRING PHASE OF THE AURORA BOREALIS, EQUAL IN BRIGHTNESS TO THE MOON.

THE HEAD OF THE CELESTIAL SERPENT: THE AURORA FROM THE OBSERVATION POST OF THE THOMAS OBSERVATORY (ON THE LEFT) A CINEMATOGRAPH CAMERA USED IN TAKING THE FIRST FILM.



LIKE A SHADOWY CROSS SET AGAINST A VAST WHIRLING CLOUD OF LIGHT: A SYMBOLIC ASPECT OF THE AURORA BOREALIS—SHOWING THE OBSERVERS' HUTS IN THE FOREGROUND.



REVOLUTIONARY FUTURISM AND ITS CHAOS.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

The distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our series of occasional articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

I ALWAYS read carefully what the French, American, and English Press—daily, weekly, and monthly—has to say on the subject of the events in Germany. The reaction of the world's mind to these events, while more or less marked in different countries, is everywhere the same: a kind of anxious surprise. What does Germany want, and whither is she going? The nations find themselves in the presence of a mystery. In most cases a simple explanation is found in the headstrong absurdity with which Germany and her whole history have been credited since 1914.

And yet the German chaos is remarkable only for its proportions. It was preceded on almost every side by the upheavals and disturbances that began with the Russian Revolution. Speaking of Europe alone, there have been, within ten years, the Hungarian crisis, the Italian crisis, the Polish crisis, the Jugo-Slav crisis, and the Spanish crisis. These events have always been looked upon as being dissociated from each other, so many bolts falling each from its own particular corner of the blue. But are all these disturbances as dissociated from each other as they seem? Have they not some common cause that links them up together and forms a chain, of which the Russian Revolution is the first link and the German chaos the last?

We ought, it would seem, to be beginning to ask ourselves that question. But not at all: at each new upheaval, the world marvels as though the mysterious meteoric rain had started afresh. It appears that the more the manifestations of these universal disorders multiply, the more difficult it becomes for us to understand the deep-seated causes that alone explain it. The evil began with the Peace Treaties in 1919. These treaties, so much discussed for thirteen years, are perhaps less responsible for the evils of the world than is thought in certain circles. They have, however, one weak point that is never mentioned: they were based upon the supposition of a sound order of things in the world, which no longer existed when they were signed, because the war had destroyed it. The men who drew up the treaties did not seem to have realised that they were building on ruins; for their edifices they thought they could count on the solid foundations of the world of pre-war days.

I spent two months in Paris in 1919, while peace was being made: I saw many of those who were engaged upon the work of the treaties. What struck me most at that time was the universal illusion that, except for the destruction of the German might and the eclipse of Russia, Europe had remained the same as before 1914. They imagined that the States already in existence before the war would once more, enlarged or diminished, take up the thread of their previous history where it left off. They imagined that the new States brought into being by the treaties would govern themselves just as all European States had governed themselves before 1914.

How many diplomats and journalists did I not surprise at that time by asking them this simple question: "And all these improvised republics? How are they going to govern themselves?" But I found few people willing to acknowledge the importance of that question. Most of them shrugged their shoulders.

And yet that is the fundamental question, the question that is at the root of the European chaos. The world to-day is the victim of a contradiction between events and ideas of which I know of no other example in history. To what did the World War lead in 1917 and 1918? A republic in Moscow, Berlin, and Vienna; the liberation of Poland; the triumph of the principle of nationalities and universal suffrage—it is easy to recognise in all this the programme of the Revolution of 1848. In 1918, after seventy years, events suddenly led to the triumph of the Revolution of 1848.

But, after more than half a century, ideas had taken a completely different turn. After 1870, the Revolution of 1848 had been almost entirely forgotten. Its doctrines and passions had been discredited, ridiculed, depreciated by the efforts of philosophy, literature, politics, and religion.

Until 1870, the great stronghold against the spirit of 1848 had been the Second Empire. After 1870 the Second Empire was replaced by the German Empire; the Napoleonic tradition by the Hohenzollerns and Bismarck, his policy and his legend. Republican propaganda had ceased throughout Europe. The Socialist movement, always contradictory, and vacillating before the great political problems of our time, had also contributed, without admitting it, and to some extent involuntarily, to stifle the spirit of '48 in the masses. The word "*Quarantuitard*"

to help the public to understand the great problems of peace. We might have spared ourselves the trouble. The hall was invaded by a crowd of hooligans who drowned our voices in a fiendish din and shouts of "Talk to us about Dalmatia!"

I occasionally think of the strange uproar of which the Hall of the Two Hundred in the Palazzo Vecchio was the scene, because its memory has remained in my mind as the symbol of the obstinate aberration in which the whole world was floundering at that decisive moment. Alas!

It was not only the Florentines who were more interested in Dalmatia than in the approaching chaos of the world. Every country, every party, every Government has had its Dalmatia. For twelve years the world has been confronted with this contradiction between ideas and events, and has not succeeded in finding a way out.

Everywhere nations that have attained autonomy without particular desire for it are in doubt as to what to

do with their sovereignty—nations delivered by the liberty that was suddenly thrust upon them when they least expected it. Everywhere the forces of the past, momentarily crushed, are reorganising themselves and seeking their revenge. Everywhere poverty is exasperating minds already unsettled, and the chaos is increasing. The events in Germany are nothing but the final manifestation of the disorder into which more than half the world has fallen since 1918.

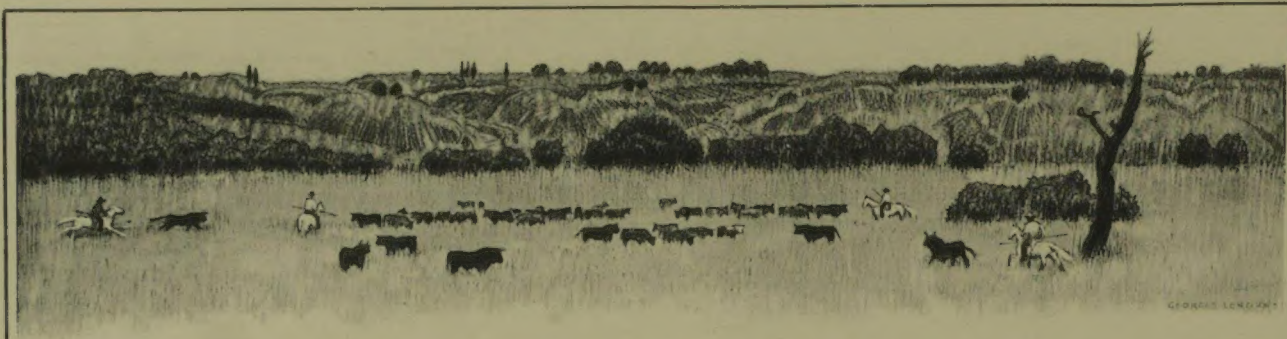
There is therefore a contradiction between events and ideas. Which is right and which wrong? Events, or the ideas of our generation? That is the problem that has been tormenting Europe since 1918.

If the history of the nineteenth century were better known—I speak of its true history, not that fabricated by political interests—there would be less astonishment at the intensity and extent of the crisis. We are witnessing the last of the succession of resistances put up by Europe for a century and a half to one of the greatest revolutions of history, that which is trying to make the State also into a perfectible creation of reason. The principles which that revolution is trying to apply to the State are two—first, the elimination of heredity and the substitution of choice and delegation as the source and justification of authority; and second, liberty; that is to say, the right of criticism and opposition to power, recognised as one of the foundations of the social order. Those are the two novelties that characterise representative modern government, in the form of either a democratic republic or a constitutional monarchy, as in England.

This change in the essence of power was prepared by a long intellectual movement that started in the seventeenth century. It has been forced on the attention of the world by three big revolutions in turn: the English Revolution, the American Revolution, and the French Revolution, of which the Revolution of '48, right in the middle of the nineteenth century, was the last prolongation. But the resistance of the two opposing principles—the hereditary and authoritative principles, represented by absolute or semi-absolute monarchy and by aristocracy and the Church—entrenched themselves for a century and a half in consecutive positions that were hotly defended with every available weapon—pen and cannon, executioner and money, diplomacy and police, interests and dogma. How could it be otherwise in a revolution of such consequence as to change the cornerstone of the whole social edifice? The whole history of Europe in the nineteenth century is nothing but the history of that revolution.

The struggle has known truces. The longest and happiest was that from 1870 to 1914. During those forty-five years it had been possible for most countries to arrive, in a certain measure, at conciliating the principles of the delegation of power and right of opposition with a milder application of the monarchic and aristocratic hereditary principle. The war of 1914 broke the truce, and the old struggle started again. But it started under new forms, displacing, so to speak, the field of the manoeuvres. That is the novelty which has thrown the mind of the world into confusion and uneasiness. The world cannot recognise in the terrible present situation the last development of a struggle begun two centuries ago, because the forms and field of battle have changed. In what does that change consist? That is the fundamental question.

(Continued on page 438.)

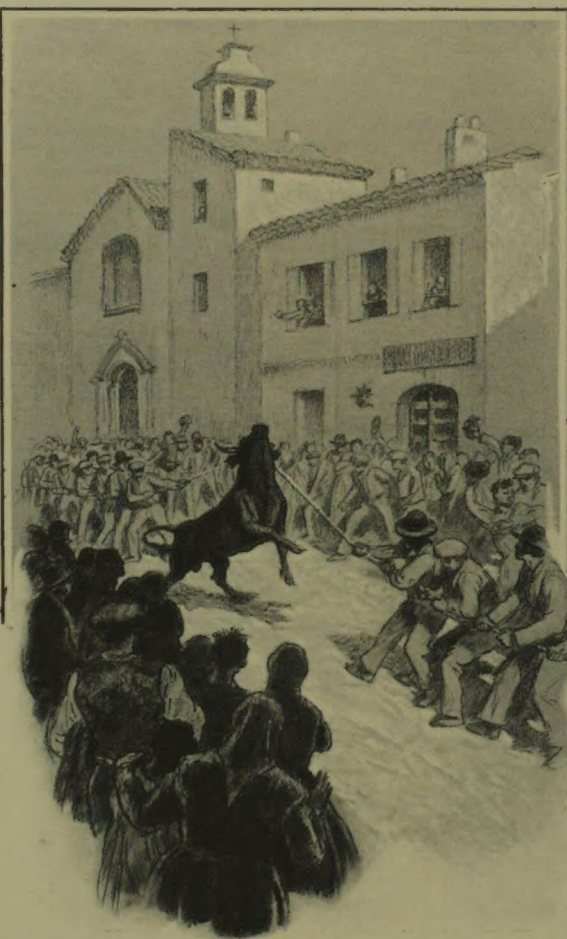


PREPARATIONS FOR THE BLOODLESS BULL-FIGHTING OF PROVENCE: ROUNDING UP BULLS FROM A GREAT HERD KEPT FOR THE PURPOSES OF THE ARENA.

"At daybreak, the most daring horsemen of the village go to make their selection from a great herd of bulls, black and flat-nosed, which are grazing in the saltwort fields of the Camargue."—[Drawings by Georges Leroux. See also those on the opposite page.]

had become an ironical term meaning something old-fashioned and out of date.

Then suddenly, in November 1918, came the great dramatic move! The programme of '48 is carried out in its entirety before the eyes of a generation that had



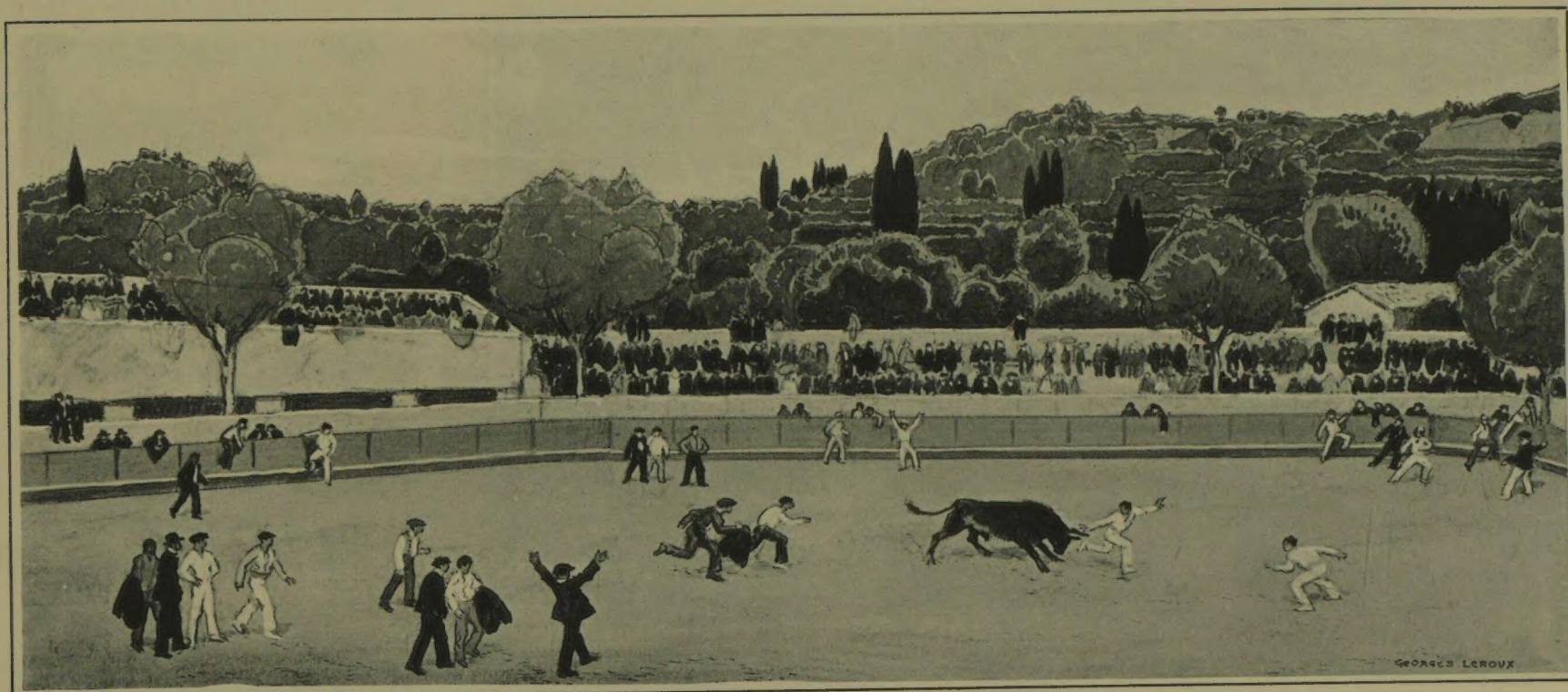
BRINGING IN A BULL FOR THE BLOODLESS ARENA: A TYPICAL SCENE OF EXCITEMENT IN A PROVENÇAL TOWN AT FESTIVAL TIME.

In the streets, where all the doors have been left open, a number of strong-armed stalwarts drag along a bull, which bounds at the end of long ropes. Irritated by the uproar, the beast dashes forward with steaming nostrils. In the arena, the men who snatch a cockade tied to the bull's horns, as described opposite, use a small steel hook, or rake, with sharp curved teeth, to sever the fastenings and detach the cockade.

completely forgotten it. Two months afterwards, at the beginning of 1919, in Florence, I tried to explain the unexpectedness and unsuspected tremendousness of it at a public meeting held by a group of intellectuals who wished

BLOODLESS BULL-FIGHTS: COCKADE-SNATCHING INSTEAD OF SWORD-THRUST.

FROM THE DRAWINGS BY GEORGES LEROUX.



A SPORT FOR THE MULTITUDE, ROUGH BUT NOT CRUEL, IN WHICH SPECTATORS MAY TRY THEIR HAND AT SEIZING AND CARRYING OFF THE COCKADE FIRMLY TIED BETWEEN THE BULL'S HORNS: AMATEURS IN THE RING AT SAINT-CHAMAS.



A PERMANENT ARENA, UNLIKE THE IMPROVISED RINGS TO BE SEEN IN PROVENÇAL VILLAGES: THE BULL-RING AT FONTVIEILLE, NEAR ARLES—AT OTHER TIMES THE HAUNT OF BOWLS-PLAYERS.



A REDOUTABLE BULL WHICH HAS WON A REPUTATION FOR PROWESS: "LOU CARRETIÉ," WHICH BELONGS TO THE DURAND HERD.



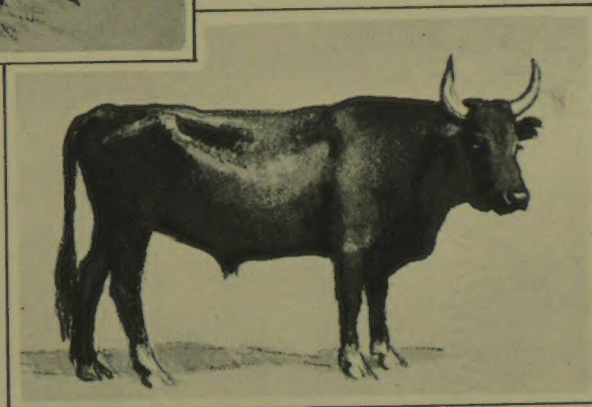
THE BEGINNING OF A "COCKADE" BULL-FIGHT, THE MOST POPULAR FORM OF THE SPORT IN PROVENÇE: "RAZETEURS" CALLING TO THE BULL WHILE ONE OF THEM STEALS BEHIND IT BEFORE MAKING HIS DASH.



THE CLIMAX OF THE SPORT: A SUCCESSFUL "RAZETEUR," HAVING SEIZED THE COCKADE FROM THE BULL'S HORNS, DASHING FOR SAFETY.

Many people object—very properly—to the cruelty involved in bull-fighting of the type practised in Spain, but here is shown a form of the sport in which there is no bloodshed. On this page and in the two illustrations op-

attention is drawn elsewhere by the shouts of others, the 'razeteur' dashes at full speed towards the bull; a few yards from it he utters a loud cry, and when the animal's charge brings it within reach the man thrusts his hand quickly between the horns and tries to seize the cockade; then he flees, with the bull in pursuit, towards the barricade, unless another 'razeteur' turns the animal away. . . . Among the bulls are to be found formidable beasts, renowned for having survived a hundred fights without yielding their cockades, and knowing all the tricks of what, for them, is an almost weekly duel. They are more dangerous than a Spanish bull, whose only appearance in the arena ends in death. Their names are known to the crowd, and partisans acclaim them as if they were football 'aces.'

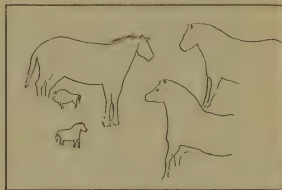


IN CONTRAST WITH THE SPANISH RING, BULLS SURVIVE AND GROW WILY IN RETAINING THEIR COCKADES: A FORMIDABLE OPPONENT, "LOU BANDOT."

posite, we reproduce some vivid drawings which accompanied an article on Provençal bull-fighting contributed to "L'Illustration" by M. Jean Camp. Extracts from the article may be translated as follows: "In this rough but bloodless sport human daring is matched against the fury of the bull, but the struggle is pursued with good humour, and victory is never accompanied by the death of the beast. In every town along this sparkling coast, from Saint-Louis-du-Rhône to Lunel, no yearly festival occurs without its 'abrivado' and its 'bourguine'—local forms of bull-fighting which give the young men opportunity to display their valour. . . . The 'abrivado,' or cockade bull-fighting, is the fundamental element of the Provençal ring. It consists of a feint carried out on the run. While the bull's

STONE AGE ART PREHISTORIC CAVE AN UNDERGROUND

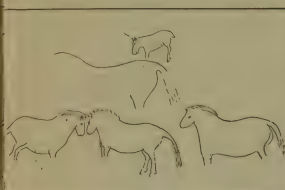
PHOTOGRAPHS BY



A GROUP OF HORSES, DRAWN IN A CUL-DE-SAC ARE REPRESENTED AS IMPRISONED, OR "CORRALLED": SHOWING THE SILHOUETTES BLOTTED OUT IN

20,000 YEARS OLD? DRAWINGS FOUND IN PYRENEAN GROTTO.

M. NORBERT CASTERET.

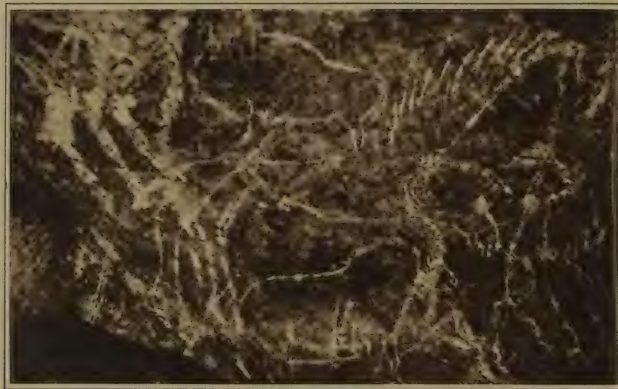


GROTTO AT LABASTIDE, WHICH M. CASTERET SUGGESTS AN EXACT TRACING OF A FRIEZE 10 METRES LONG PLACES BY THE FORMATION OF STALAGMITES.

SAID TO BE THE FIRST PREHISTORIC REPRESENTATION OF THE EXTINCT CAVE-LION EVER DISCOVERED: A "BIG-GAME STUDY" ON THE ROOF OF A GROTTO AT LABASTIDE.



M. AND MME. CASTERET (LEFT) PHOTOGRAPHED IN A TYPICAL GALLERY IN THE GROTTO.



EVIDENCE OF THE PREHISTORIC RITUAL PRACTISED AT LABASTIDE: ONE OF THE NUMEROUS PLAQUES DECORATED WITH ANIMALS FOUND TURNED FACE DOWNWARDS ROUND ASHES AND CALCINED BONES IN A CIRCLE OF STONES IN THE GROTTO.



THE TREACHEROUS ENTRANCE TO THE GROTTO AT LABASTIDE: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN LOOKING BACK THROUGH THE NATURAL ARCADE TO THE MOUTH, AND SHOWING THE DEEP PIT STRETCHING ACROSS IT IN THE FOREGROUND.

THE exciting tale of how M. Norbert Casteret—already famous as the discoverer of the grotto at Montespan—came to find the magnificent examples of prehistoric art illustrated here is told in the article on the succeeding page. We shall devote this space to a few brief explanations and comments on the photographs reproduced here. The wonderfully vivid impression of the head of a cave-lion, scratched on the roof of a cave at Labastide some fifteen thousand to twenty thousand years ago, was the first of M. Casteret's discoveries. He describes how, after wandering for some distance underground, he found himself in a rocky chamber, and how he began to examine the roof by the dim light of his acetylene lamp, with his body bent almost double and his neck twisted round. "With indescribable emotion," he writes, "I distinguished at once a number of lines scratched on the rock just above my head . . . but I was too close to make out their significance. . . . I lay down on my back, shaking my lamp frantically. Suddenly the whole head of a lion stood out, roaring with striking realism." This head is larger than life—the canine teeth alone being 8 centimetres long. The photograph does not show the whole of the line of the neck. The drawing measures more than a metre long over all. M. Casteret believes that he is the first to discover an actual picture of the formidable prehistoric cave-lion. In the case of the frieze of "corralled" horses we may note that each one was traced separately by M. Casteret, after which the tracings were photographed and put together in their correct relative positions. The ritual plaques engraved with animals are particularly worthy of attention. Their situation is thus described: "Towards the end of the cavern . . .

(Continued opposite.)

two large tangent circles of stones analogous to cromlechs were found on an earth platform. Inside the circles there were cinders, calcined bones, jaws of horses and horses' teeth, and worked flints. There were also at this spot assagai-heads in reindeer horn and several limestone plaques scratched with excellent drawings of horses, reindeer, bison, mammoth, and one head of a bear. All these tablets were laid on the ground, with the decorated face downwards—all of which indicates some ritual, for it has been remarked in other grottoes." M. Casteret remarks that the horse on the fallen block is the only example of painting in the grotto at Labastide. Finally, the discoverer himself puts the inevitable question. What are the meaning and purpose of these pictures? Why were they painted in these caverns, in positions so difficult of access? We may summarise his answer by saying that the caverns at Labastide were a sort of sanctuary, and that the pictures, if not religious in purpose, were at least definitely magical. "There is not a primitive tribe to-day," M. Casteret points out, "which is ignorant of hunting magic." It is to the primitive sorcerers and hunters that we are indebted for our knowledge of the customs and the art of our distant ancestors of the Stone Age. In this connection we may refer to the weird outline of a human head found scratched on the wall of a cavern at Labastide, and illustrated on the succeeding page. M. Casteret suggests this may represent a masked prehistoric "medicine-man"—the very one, perhaps, who once presided over the ritual in these caverns. In conclusion, we may note that, while M. Casteret made the pioneer exploration alone, in later visits to the grotto he was accompanied by his wife.



TWO CAVE-DRAWINGS OF HORSES (SEEN WITH MME. CASTERET TO INDICATE THEIR SIZE): ANIMALS WITH THE TYPICAL BRISTLING MANES, PROMINENT VENTRAL DEVELOPMENT, AND LONG TAILS.

A PREHISTORIC "EASEL PICTURE" AT LABASTIDE!—THE FLAT FACE OF A ROCK THAT HAD FALLEN FROM THE CAVERN'S ROOF ENGRAVED WITH THE SILHOUETTE OF A HORSE, AND PAINTED IN RED, WITH BLACK MANE AND HOOFES. (LENGTH, 2'30 METRES.)



THE BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS OF LABASTIDE: A VIEW IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE PYRENEES, SHOWING THE ENTRANCE TO THE GROTTO ON THE LEFT (ARROW), AND IN THE DISTANCE THE FAMOUS PIC DU MIDI.

THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF LABASTIDE, WHICH GIVES THE GROTTO ITS NAME.

A NEW DISCOVERY OF PREHISTORIC CAVE-ART IN SOUTHERN FRANCE:

HOW AN ADVENTUROUS INVESTIGATOR'S DARING WAS REWARDED WITH WONDERFUL ROCK-DRAWINGS, BOTH OF MEN AND ANIMALS, IN A SERIES OF GROTTOS AT LABASTIDE.

Based on a Description of his Researches by M. NORBERT CASTERET. (See Illustrations on Preceding Pages.)

M. Norbert Casteret is already famous for his daring discovery of the great Montespan Cave in Southern France, with its many relics of prehistoric art, including some of the oldest statuary in the world. On this occasion, in 1923, he reached his goal by swimming through an ice-cold underground stream,

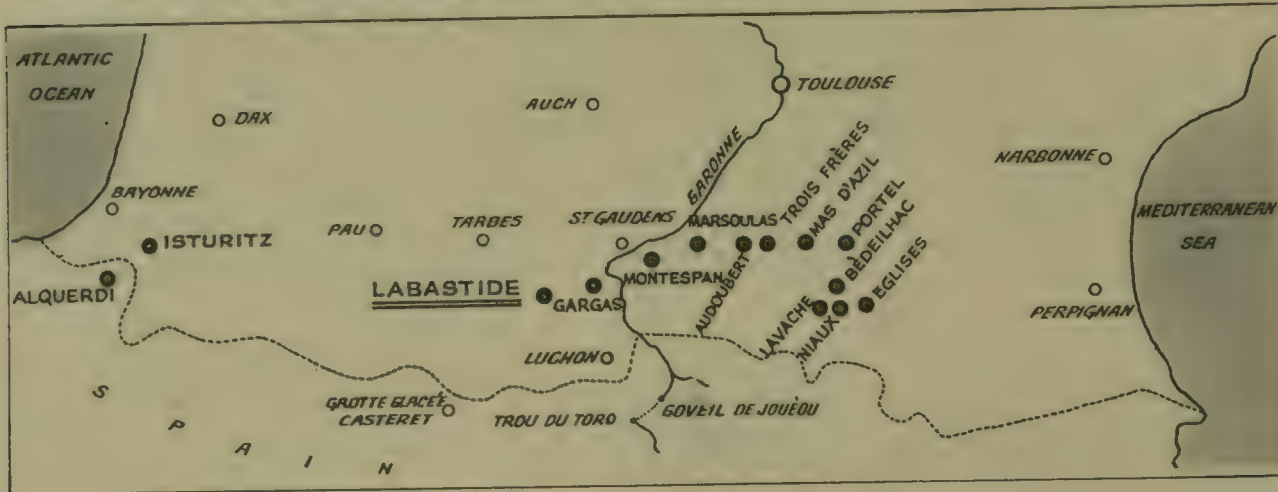
several bison and reindeer, besides a number of animals not yet identified, and a quantity of lines and figures, which would appear to be indecipherable.

A human head drawn on the wall of one of the caverns in this grotto (illustrated on this page) deserves a special mention. Its features are

were also assegai-heads of reindeer-horn, and several limestone plaques with admirable drawings of horses, reindeer, bison, mammoth, and a head of a bear. These tablets or plaques were found lying on the earth, the ornamented side downwards—all of which must be taken to represent some ritual, for it has been observed in other grottoes.

In explanation of the origin of these works of art, M. Casteret writes: "Nowadays, thanks to the work of the great prehistorians, Cartailhac, Capitan, Breuil, and Begouen—to mention only a few—the theory of prehistoric magic has prevailed over the essentially literary one of 'art for art's sake.' No surprise is occasioned, therefore, when these works of art are found hidden away in inaccessible places in a few underground caverns. Further the human silhouettes of masked men, which remained a puzzle for a long time, and the men in disguise, who seemed to preside over scenes of enchantment and conjury, drawn on the walls, no longer excite surprise; for the sorcerer rightly has his place in the midst of this Witches' Sabbath. After a thorough examination of the works of art at Labastide, one comes to the conclusion that we have here to deal with a sanctuary, or one of the sacred grottoes where the medicine-men of hunting

tribes devoted themselves to magical ceremonies, of a type of which ethnography furnishes similar examples among the savage peoples of to-day. . . . There is not a primitive tribe to-day ignorant of hunting magic. . . ."



THE GEOGRAPHY OF PREHISTORIC CAVE-ART IN THE PYRENEES AND THE BASQUE COUNTRY: A SKETCH MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF TWELVE GROTTOS (BLACK CIRCLES) AND (IN THE CENTRE) THAT OF LABASTIDE, THE DARING EXPLORATION OF WHICH IS DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE.

which in places touched the roof of the tunnel. His discoveries were fully illustrated by us at the time. M. Casteret has now another wonderful tale to tell of his discoveries in a cave not far from the one at Montespan.

THE village of Labastide, near which M. Casteret began his investigations of the marvellous caverns here described, lies encircled by the "landes de Lannemezan" and the outlying spurs of the Pyrenees. A stream runs out of this natural basin, and makes its way to the lowest part by a steep and narrow ravine, which ends in a cavern known as "la Spugue." Here its waters disappear underground. Two kilometres further on the stream reappears at the village of Esparros. M. Casteret resolved to follow the stream, and, having removed his garments, plunged head first into the fissure at "la Spugue."

It was at the beginning of April—not a very favourable time of year, as he remarks; for the waters were cold and ran high. After scrambling strenuously between water and rock and encountering numerous obstacles, he found his way into a winding gallery and ran into a patch of bad air given off by an accumulation of vegetable refuse. His lamp flickered, and he himself had difficulty in breathing and was forced to retrace his steps.

No sooner had he found his way back into daylight than he made trial of another entry to the cavern, situated in the same ravine. This he reached by going down a sort of abyss. The sides were vertical, except in one place, where there was a steep slope of fallen ground. Thirty metres down a fine arcade greeted the intruder, forming an almost theatrical entry to this cavern, hidden away at the bottom of a shaft. Daylight ceased here—most treacherously—for a few feet inside there was another deep shaft, the width of the gallery, which had to be evaded by taking to a narrow ledge. On this occasion, M. Casteret remarks, the jet of his acetylene lamp was in bad order and gave but a poor light. None the less, he got past the gulf at the entry and began to explore the caverns.

At last he found himself in a little chamber like a low vault, which proved to be a *cul-de-sac*. By the glimmering light of his lamp he began to inspect the roof, bent almost double and with his head twisted round. Sure enough, there were traces of lines and scratchings. Then suddenly the outline of the head of a lion stood out, roaring with striking realism. "This head," says M. Casteret, "which is larger than natural size, is alarmingly life-like. The beast's muzzle is thrown back and conveys the impression of frowning, and the prognathous maw, wide open, gives it a most lively expression of ferocity, which is accentuated by its terrible canines, 8 centimetres long, and its eye, narrowed by the movement of the jaw."

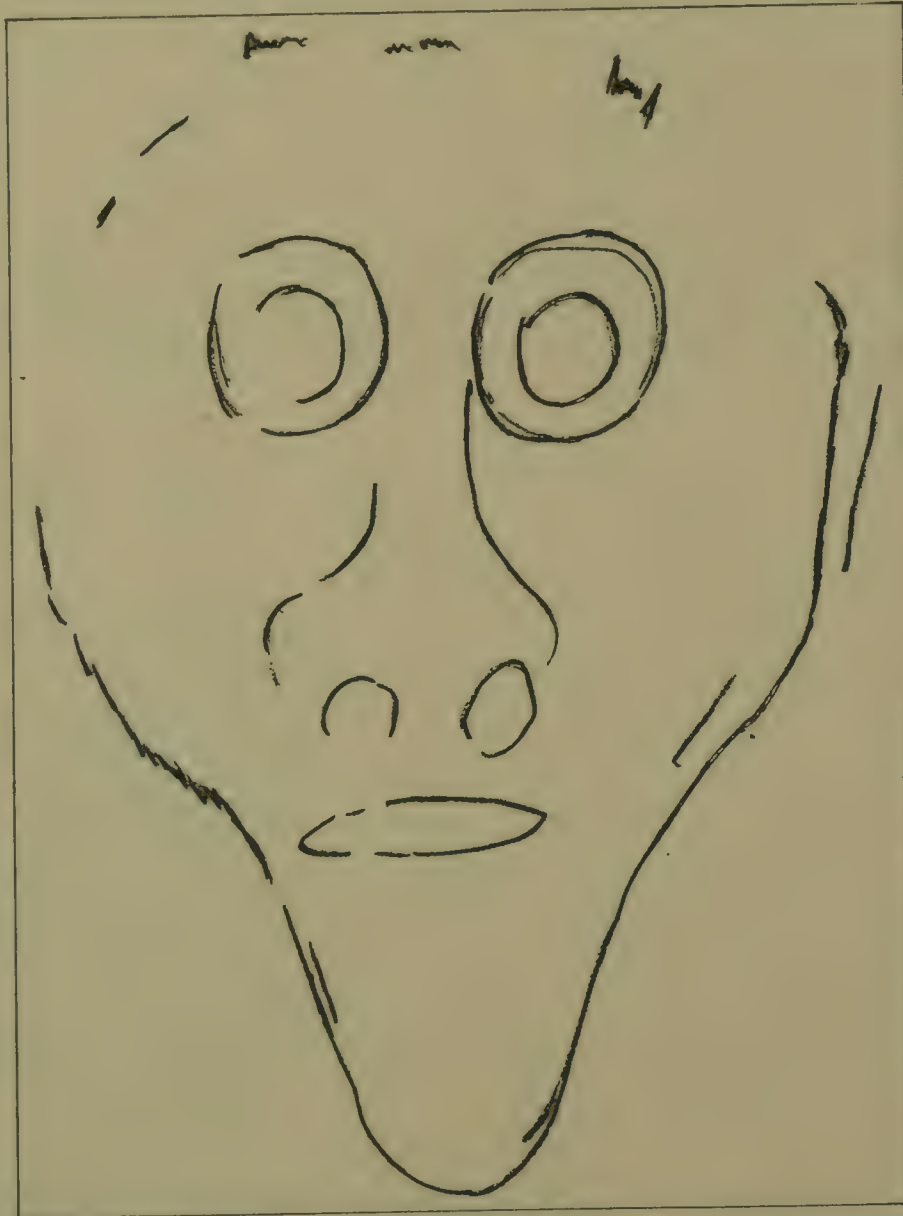
Other animals were found pictured here in great numbers, sometimes six or seven, one on top of the other. Particularly numerous were the representations of horses; and M. Casteret notes that all the horses that he saw were of the same type—with squat bodies, thick short heads, bristling manes, and long stiff tails. In among this frieze of horses there are to be seen

somewhat unpleasant, and it is a disturbing thought that it may represent one of the men who have left us, in their pictures, proof that they were endowed with the highest artistic sentiment. M. Casteret prefers to consider it as a representation of a man in a mask, and points out the similarity that its stylised eyes, mouth, and nostrils bear to some of the magic masks of New Guinea.

There is another picture at Labastide showing a man naked and wearing a mask, with his legs and body bent and his arms held horizontally in front of him. M. Casteret remarks: "This is the attitude of the *danse nègre*, and occurs again in the sorcerer (also naked and masked) of the Trois Frères site, in the 'Suppliants' in the cave of Altamira, and in the 'anthropomorphic figures' of the grottoes of Combarelles and Marsoulas."

At another level in the same system of caverns at Labastide was found an enormous slab of rock that had fallen from the roof. On one of its faces, which was flat, was fashioned a large horse, its outlines engraved and filled in with red; and its mane and hoofs painted black. This is the one example of painting that was found in the whole grotto.

At the very end of one cavern there were discovered, on a platform of earth, two large tangent circles of stones similar to cromlechs. Inside these circles there were ashes, calcined bones, jaw bones and teeth of horses and worked flints. There



THE PREHISTORIC SORCERER WHO PRESIDED OVER THE RITUAL IN THESE CAVERNS?—ONE OF THE MOST STARTLING OF THE DISCOVERIES IN THE LABASTIDE GROTTOS: AN EXACT TRACING OF THE ORIGINAL ROCK-DRAWING WHICH, IT IS SUGGESTED, REPRESENTS A MASKED MAN. (22 CM. HIGH.)

This head was found scratched on the rock in the middle of a group of about thirty drawings of animals. M. Norbert Casteret, the discoverer, advances the fascinating theory that it may represent the head of a masked sorcerer. He instances the similarity of the stylised features to the magic masks of the people of New Guinea. It may be noted that pictures of sorcerers are not unknown in prehistoric art, and there is an example in the Trois Frères grotto (Ariège), which figures on the map reproduced on this page.

DEW-PONDS: A MYSTERY OF THE DOWNS.



A SCENE OF PEACEFUL ACTIVITY AT ONE OF THE MYSTERIOUS DEW-PONDS, WHICH ARE STILL TO BE FOUND IN GREAT NUMBERS ON SALISBURY PLAIN AND ELSEWHERE: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING A RECENT HEAT-WAVE, SHOWING SHEEP MAKING THEIR WAY DOWN TO THE WATER; AND SOME OF THEM EVEN TAKING A DIP, A MOST UNUSUAL THING FOR THEM TO DO VOLUNTARILY.



A TYPICAL DEW-POND ON THE DOWNS NEAR LEWES: ONE OF THE MYSTERIOUS "MIST-POOLS" WHICH NEVER FAIL, BUT WHOSE SOURCE OF SUPPLY IS STILL A MATTER OF CONTROVERSY.

THE mystery of the dew-ponds still remains; and men are wondering to-day, as they wondered centuries ago, how and whence the water comes that fills those lonely hollows on the highest hills. On the bleakest ridges of the Sussex Downs, far from shade of tree or protecting copse, where no streams have ever flowed, where no marsh has ever been, there, on those arid uplands, are found the dew-ponds with the waters that never fail. Condensation of the moisture of the atmosphere it may be, cooling

[Continued below on left.]



A DRIED-UP DEW-POND AT CISSBURY, NEAR WORTHING: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE IMPERVIOUS BED OF THE POND BROKEN UP BY HEAVY CATTLE, THEREBY ALLOWING THE WATER TO ESCAPE.

into drops that merge into the pond in the chill night air, and so counteracting the evaporation under the summer sun. Go when we will, at all seasons of the year, there is water for the cattle or the sheep that roam the green downlands. The secret of the making of these ponds is known to but a few. The lime and flint to form the saucer-shaped bed, the layer of straw beneath the covering of clay, the final concrete surface, are all wrought with experience and craft that are a heritage from the past, and then left to dry. Once the pond has filled, though the clouds withdraw their shelter and no rains fall, though the torrid sun pour down its relentless heat by day, there will be the water for the cattle to drink. It would be wrong to say that there are no dry dew-ponds, for they are often to be seen about the Downs. But the reason is not far to seek. Once the bed of the pond is damaged, so that the water can trickle through, the pond naturally fails. That is why many of

these dew-ponds are fenced, so that the heavier beasts cannot tread the surface, and only sheep are allowed access. On the heights of Cissbury, not far from Worthing, may be seen the dry, shallow bed of a pond that has been broken up; and the sheep, in their wandering about the Downs, visit this spot



THE FAMOUS DEW-POND NEAR CHANCTONBURY RING: A POND WHICH HEAVY CATTLE ARE ALLOWED TO USE.

repeatedly, as though an instinct led them where water once had been. A mile northward across the same downlands at Chanctonbury, and not far from the well-known Chanctonbury Ring, there is a pond which cattle are allowed to use at will; and through the heat of summer they may be seen standing knee-deep in the water; but already the concrete surface is so damaged that it can be but a little while before those much-needed waters fail. Only a few new ponds have been constructed of recent years along the Sussex Downs; but westward, on the Marlborough and Wiltshire Hills, some have been added to the already existing number. There is no record of the making of the first dew-pond, and the name of the discoverer of the secret has passed from human knowledge; but early dwellers in our land had their cave dwellings on the hills. On the highest portion of the Downs may still be seen the hollows where their

pit-homes were excavated, and it may be that these prehistoric folk learned the secret of securing the water they needed for themselves and their cattle on these exposed heights; and that from them, down a long succession of shepherds and hill-dwellers, there has come to us to-day the secret of the making of the "mist-pools" of the hills.

The World of the Theatre.

THE FRAUDS OF FICTION AND THE FALLACIES OF FACT.

IN all fiction, literary or dramatic, the imagination is engaged in something of an unconscious fraud. It presents a broken arc from the larger world of experience as a perfect round. It spins a story to a conclusion, by "marrying gracious lies to the mind of him who reads them," as Cervantes has it, and establishes a completed picture out of events in sequence leading to finality. It can take its characters and release them from the baffling limitations of ordinary existence, and set them in the ideal situation, for is it not one of the prerogatives of fiction to emancipate obstructed human nature from the fetters of fact? There can be no fraud in exhibiting the behaviour of men under conditions expressly created to

flats in Budapest, where the scene is set. Among the many who come and go—all neatly-observed, contrasting types—Carola, wife of Lovasdy, ex-Minister of Home Affairs, stays long enough to convince us that her fate is involved, and, in a lesser degree, that of her husband also. A brief appearance of Mariette, their sixteen-year-old daughter, indicates sufficient independence of character to separate her from the crowd. When the play opens six weeks later, with the discovery of the murdered actor, we follow without protest, so cunningly has the preparation been made, the swift development which fastens the guilt on Carola. In a scene of relentless cross-examination, we see Miss Gladys Cooper suffering all the tortures of a

trapped animal, driven at length into hysterical confession that she was both mistress and murderess of the dead man. It was a scene tense and strongly effective. The concentration on husband and wife is so exclusive that, though hints are continually being dropped concerning the character of Mariette, we are not concerned. How can we be interested in a girl we do not see and whose qualities are only potential? It is kinetic action which constitutes drama. But Mariette is the carefully-guarded secret, revealed with sudden effect, to provide an effective surprise in the last act. It is a vivid situation, but a situation, in spite of the suspense

or coherent narrative. Its action envelops the whole of character. No one would say Hamlet was less active when he upbraids his mother than when he stabs Claudius. The only action permitted to Mariette is an overt one, and the only movement in the play is within the iron limits of the tale. It is a movement that gains impetus by the weight of the structure, and tension by the firmness of the portraiture. But do these characters move and have their independent being? Is this fiction the web of life itself revealed in the transfiguring surroundings of the ideal situation? Or is it a benevolent fraud, which, by the sum of its merits, cheats us into the delusion that its picture is authentic, till analysis breaks the spell? Though without enriching significance, the play has its own fine rewards, and playgoers should not miss it.

Facts are notoriously fallacious, and to escape our besetting preoccupation which is so depressing we must stand them on their heads and laugh. Nature itself has its jests, its ducks and toadstools, and shapes more grotesque than any gargyle on a cathedral. Farce puts up a crazy mirror and bids us laugh at its reflections. We do not bring sober literary judgments to the traditional Aldwych farces or to the Strand, nor even ask for witty dialogue—though apt rejoinder never failed to rouse lively response—so long as there is invention enough to keep the pace brisk, situation enough to keep it merry, and comedians comical enough to make us shake our sides at their travesties. The substance of farce is irresponsibility, and it is the failure to recognise this which robs the new Aldwych production, "Fifty-Fifty," adapted by H. F. Maltby from the French of Louis Verneuil and Georges Berr, of its armoury of fun. It attempts to unite the salutary observations of satire with the nonsense of situation, and the result is that one continually checkmates the other. The fun is sporadic, and all the efforts of the Aldwych team, headed by that resourceful comedian, Mr. Ralph Lynn, cannot overcome the handicaps which moralising comment loads on the story. There is no room for pauses in good farce. The "Night of the Garter," at the Strand, is about nothing in particular, and has all the abandon of the game of "Hunt the Slipper." Mr. Sydney Howard is himself so irresistibly comical that he could "extract sunshine from cucumbers," as Gulliver would say, and in this chase for a compromising garter on a wedding night doors slam, pistols crack, lights flash, a



A DRAMATIC MOMENT IN "AS YOU DESIRE ME," AT THE EMPIRE: (IN FOREGROUND) GRETA GARBO (LEFT) AS ZARA, MELVYN DOUGLAS AS COUNT BRUNO, AND HEDDA HOPPER (FACING CAMERA) AS MME. MANTARI; (IN BACKGROUND, LEFT TO RIGHT) OWEN MOORE AS TONY AND ERICH VON STROHEIM AS SALTER.

In the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, "As You Desire Me," recently produced at the Empire, Greta Garbo plays lead as Zara, a Budapest café entertainer, who is in the clutches of a depraved novelist named Salter. Tony, a painter, believes her to be Count Bruno's missing wife, Maria, lost during an invasion in the war. She masquerades as Maria, and the Count is deceived into accepting her claim. She is exposed by Salter and the real Maria's sister; but when she confesses to Bruno that she is not his wife and prepares to leave, he begs her to remain, not as Zara or Maria, but as herself—as he desires her.

reveal all that is in them. The characters grow larger than life and more real to us. We might meet people with the inherent qualities of Antigone, Macbeth, or Brutus, but they could not interest us as they do in the plays. What should we know of Rebecca West if she had never come to Rosmersholm? It is the paradox of creative imagination that the greater the lie, the greater the truth.

"Firebird," that brilliant play adapted by Jeffrey Dell from the Hungarian of Lajos Zilahy, now being presented at the Playhouse, is so compelling in its interest, so persuasive in its narrative, so moving in its performance, so rewarding in the theatre, that it deserves analysis. It is a story of murder and its detection, but if it were only that, it could be dismissed, with tributes to its consummate craftsmanship and its admirable playing, as an amiable fraud designed to cheat us with its mystery and pleasantly surprise us with its solution. Though it holds a double secret, and whips up our attentions by their disclosures, M. Zilahy's work is more than a cleverly constructed detective story. It has a deeper and more intense interest than any jigsaw puzzle could provide, because it enlists our sympathies as well as occupying our intelligences; for these characters, as they move through the story, give an impression of authenticity. But what are the laws these characters obey? Are they the laws of Truth, the other aspect of which is Personality, or are they the predetermined commands of their master, who has a good story to tell, and surprises to startle us? In the answer rests the distinction between good drama and good "theatre"—between illusion and delusion.

A prologue skilfully designed and admirably written provides the foundations upon which the narrative of the play proper is constructed. Here our attentions are focussed on the romantic impetuosities and aggressive intimacies of a young actor who haunts the hall stairs of a block of

it creates, that defines the play as "theatre" and not drama. This young yet mature child, so brilliantly acted by Miss Antoinette Cellier, is the true centre of the drama in the Lovasdy household. Does not M. Zilahy admit it in his title? "I want to dance the 'Firebird' in Stravinsky's ballet!" she cries. All the passion and the poetry, the desire for freedom and adventure, the rebellion against the comfortable tyrannies of affection, the cruelty of youth that is uncompromising in its faith, is symbolised in this frank, courageous Mariette. She tells the Commissioner that she would never have allowed her mother to take the blame—and we believe her. Then why is her entrance so delayed? For the sake of a dialogue and situation in the second act, and a startled surprise in the third. She enters to end the play instead of begin it. Drama begins where Theatre ends.

The structure of these incidents only brings into activity the qualities of character necessary for the story. But plot, in the Aristotelian sense, is more than stage business



GRETA GARBO'S NEW RÔLE: THE FAMOUS SWEDISH ACTRESS AS ZARA, IN "AS YOU DESIRE ME," WITH ALBERT CONTI (LEFT) AS THE CAPTAIN, AND ROLAND VARNÔ AS ALBERT, A STUDENT OF BUDAPEST.

clock walks, and absurdity piles on absurdity with such infectious zest that laughter swells into a yell. Though there is not one witty line or epigram, the fun boils increasingly as the cumulative nonsense is piled on. It makes no compromises with reason, flinging itself and the players into a world of contingencies so ludicrous, with Mr. Howard in the midst, with expressive gesture and parsonic voice, making his cheerfully depressing comments, that its assaults are irresistible. The farce we call Life is a cry of despair, but the sane insanities of a good farce in the theatre is a psalm of glee. It is like the jovial song of a happy man on the way home.

G. F. H.

"GRAND HOTEL": AN "ALL-STAR" FILM VERSION OF THE NOVEL AND PLAY.



HOTEL THIEF ACCEPTED AS LOVER: THE BARON (JOHN BARRYMORE) AND GRUSINSKAYA, A CELEBRATED DANCER (GRETA GARBO), WHOSE ROOM HE HAD ENTERED TO STEAL HER PEARLS.



TRAGEDY: THE DEATH OF THE BURGLAR BARON (JOHN BARRYMORE), KILLED BY PREYSING (WALLACE BEERY), SEEN WITH THE TYPIST, FLAEMMCHEN (JOAN CRAWFORD), GAZING AT THE CORPSE.

The great success of Vicki Baum's famous story, "Grand Hotel," both as novel and play, bids fair to be repeated in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film version, to be presented in London, at the Palace, on September 21, for the cast is exceptionally strong. It includes Miss Greta Garbo as Grusinskaya, the dancer; Miss Joan Crawford as Flaemmchen; Mr. Lionel Barrymore as Kringelein; Mr. John Barrymore as the burglar Baron; Mr. Wallace Beery as Preysing, the textile magnate; and Mr. Lewis Stone as the shell-shocked Dr. Otternschlag. The story, it will be remembered, presents the dramatic incidents of a single day at the



IN THE GRAND HOTEL FOYER: (CENTRE BACKGROUND, LEFT TO RIGHT) KRINGELEIN (LIONEL BARRYMORE) WITH THE BARON (JOHN BARRYMORE), WHO IS WATCHING THE CHAUFFEUR (MORGAN WALLACE, LEFT FOREGROUND).



THE MORIBUND CLERK BENT ON ENJOYING HIS LAST DAYS: KRINGELEIN (LIONEL BARRYMORE) AS GAMBLER, WITH THE BARON (JOHN BARRYMORE) AND THE SHELL-SHOCKED DR. OTTERNSCHLAG (LEWIS STONE, ON THE RIGHT).



RETRIBUTION: THE ARREST OF PREYSING (WALLACE BEERY) BY THE POLICE, SUMMONED BY KRINGELEIN—THE SEQUEL TO THE KILLING OF THE BARON IN A ROOM OF THE GRAND HOTEL.

hotel. Baron von Galgern, gambler and thief, enters Grusinskaya's bed-room to steal her pearls, and becomes her lover. Kringelein (formerly a book-keeper, in Preysing's service), who has not long to live, squanders his savings in a final flutter of luxury, making friends with the Baron and with Preysing's typist, Flaemmchen. Preysing, foiled in a business deal, turns to fraud, and has an illicit affair with Flaemmchen. Hearing an intruder in his room adjoining, he finds the Baron, and in a struggle kills him. He asks the moribund clerk to take the blame, but Kringelein, in revenge on his former tyrant, summons the police.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE BADGER.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

A DISCUSSION has lately taken place in my newspaper concerning the character of the badger. Of all our native animals, this poor beast has always been the most reviled, though the pole-cat has, perhaps, been more hated. It goes without saying, then, that he is included in the list of the "vermin" of the countryside, a term which has blasted the reputation of a host of birds and beasts which should rather have been regarded as friends

taking to making their earths in cornfields and rolling down the crops, must be reduced; and at times the eggs of game-birds may be taken. It is this unfortunate lack of discrimination on the badger's part which has given rise to the unseemly persecution which has been meted out to him. The charge of eating young foxes is one which some, doubtless, hope is well founded. But there is no evidence for this. On the contrary, fox and badger have on many occasions been found sharing the same earth and rearing their young in amity. But, more than this, the badger is an asset to the fox-hunter, since the largest and driest fox-earths are those made by badgers. He is charged with robbing hen-roosts; but a certain politician pronounced this a meritorious action! Sir Alfred Pease, who speaks with authority on this subject, remembers only six such raids on his estate, where badgers are plentiful, in fifty-two years.

On the credit side we have him as a destroyer, and on no small scale, of rats, which cost us many millions every year; and of wasps, though these insects are not to be put entirely on the black list. But, though a carnivore, it is to be noted that, as with the bear, the diet is largely vegetarian, roots of various kinds, fruits, and nuts alternating with flesh food. That this vegetarian element in the menu is one of immense antiquity in both these animals is shown by the teeth, especially of the bear, which differ profoundly, in regard to the molars, from those of the cat and dog tribe.

In the badger the reduction in the number of the teeth has gone further than in the bear. In the upper jaw only a minute vestige of the first pre-molar is left, squeezed up behind the canine. And there is but one true molar, which, as will be seen in the accompanying photograph, is of great size and breadth, and well suited for crushing purposes. When this dentition is compared with that of the otter, some further interesting facts come to light, showing how the nature of the food is reflected in the teeth; for the front teeth, or incisors, are relatively large and spread in a wide sweep. But in the lower jaw the second is in process of being squeezed out by the tooth on either side. In the otter, these incisors, both of upper and lower jaws, are much smaller; and the second, on each side in the lower jaw, is now forced back between the inner and outer on either side of it, thus showing that

these teeth are but little used in the fish-eater. The canines, however, in the otter are much larger—they have to hold slippery prey. There are, of course, yet other differences between the two skulls, but these cannot be enlarged upon here.

The mode of life is reflected, however, not only in the teeth. The bear-like, plantigrade feet and the large blunt claws are adjustments to burrowing and slow movements. But why are the soles of the feet covered with hair? This peculiarity is the more striking because, in its nearest relations, the marten, pole-cat, stoat, and weasel, the pads have no such covering. The short, thick body of the badger stands again in strong contrast with the lithe bodies of these animals. But doubtless this is intimately associated with its mode of life. One singular feature the badger shares with the stoat and weasel, and that



1. THE SKULL OF THE COMMON BADGER, SEEN FROM THE UNDER-SURFACE: THE ANIMAL'S LARGELY VEGETARIAN DIET INDICATED BY THE GREAT SIZE OF THE MOLARS, ONLY ONE OF WHICH IS PRESENT ON EACH SIDE OF THE UPPER JAW.

than foes. This deplorable state of affairs, born of ignorance and slothful minds, is, perhaps, slowly passing; but prejudice dies hard. Among gamekeepers all are "vermin" which may at any time be found in or near the coverts. They shoot at sight, or adopt the more brutal methods of the pole-trap and the "steel fall." Argument is useless. They justify their unreasoning prejudice by an assertion of knowledge which they do not possess, and, thus fortified, do evil that good may come! I say "among" gamekeepers advisedly—for there are some who take saner views. But these are in the minority, and the countryside is the poorer. The gamekeeper does not stand alone, however, in this sordid outlook, for there are landowners who share these views on "vermin," and often the keeper has to maintain a constant slaughter of the innocents or lose his job. And this deplorable state of affairs still persists.

The fishermen stand in the same condemnation. Whether it be "game fish" or "game birds," "vermin" have to be killed, so that the "sportsman" may have more to slay!

But to return to the badger. One is comforted to find that he has so many friends; and they have put up such a spirited defence in his favour that many of his enemies may be induced to remove their ban upon him. Being nocturnal in his habits, he is rarely seen save by those who, of set purpose, waylay him. The badger and the rabbit alike live in burrows, but the rabbit loves daylight, and one can often see them by the dozen disporting themselves when they think the coast is clear. But the badger waits till the evening or later before venturing forth, and hence is accounted somewhat of a rarity among us; but, though by no means as numerous as in past times, he is not as rare as is supposed. It is not generally realised, perhaps, but even so near London as Richmond Park there are badger-carths in occupation, and long may they remain so! For this we have to thank the jealous guardianship of Sir Lionel Earle.

At times, in some places, the badger population may become too large, and the surplus population,



2. AN INTERESTING JAPANESE RELATIVE OF THE ENGLISH BADGER: MELES ANAKUMA, WHICH MAY BE COMPARED WITH OUR SPECIES IN COLORATION AND THE FORMATION OF THE HEAD AND FEET.

The badgers are included in the same sub-family as the skunks and the rats, all of which agree in having the under-parts black, which is, speaking zoologically, a very unusual form of coloration.

Photograph by Dr. Heck, Director of the Berlin Zoological Gardens.

is its ability to run backwards! This feat may be a valuable asset when occasion demands a retreat to the burrow while menacing an enemy at close quarters. And the bite of a badger is not to be lightly risked, as its enemies may know.

Our badger—known also in the country as the brock, in allusion to its black and white face—is too familiar to need description here. It will be more profitable to say something on one or two other species by way of comparison. There is the Malayan badger, for example, not exceeding 15 in. in length, brown in colour, and with a white stripe down the back; and there is the sand-badger of Northern India, Assam, and Burma, slightly smaller than our brock, and with a longer tail. The face, however, is much longer, and it has a curiously pig-like snout, while the claws are much larger than in our animal. This longer face and the longer claws suggest a different mode of life, and probably more strenuous digging habits. The Japanese badger more nearly resembles our species. The most interesting photographs of these two animals I owe to my friend Dr. Heck, of the Berlin Zoological Gardens.

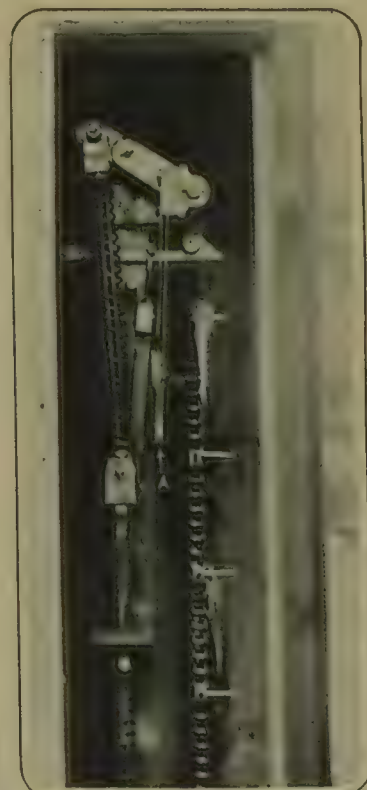
Finally, a reference must be made to the brutal sport of badger-baiting. So popular was this in days gone by that it would seem specially favourable sources for the supply of victims came to be well known. And we have records of these to-day in such names as Brockhurst, Brockenborough, Brockford, Brockhampton—in four different counties—Brockholes, Brock-le-Bank, Brockmoor, Brockworth, and Brockley, in four counties. From this fact it would seem that the name "badger," now much more commonly used, is of recent adoption, though why or how the change came about we do not know.



3. THE SAND-BADGER, OR BEAR-PIG OF INDIA AND ASSAM (ARCTONYX COLLARIS): A LITTLE-KNOWN ANIMAL WITH A LONG FACE, PIG-LIKE SNOUT, AND VERY LARGE CLAWS. The claws of this type of badger are very large, and this fact, taken in connection with other differences, seems to suggest that the animal is more given to digging than other badgers. But of its habits in a wild state little as yet is known.

Photograph by Dr. Heck, Director of the Berlin Zoological Gardens.

SIXPENNY SLOT-MACHINE FEEDING FOR SEA-LIONS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

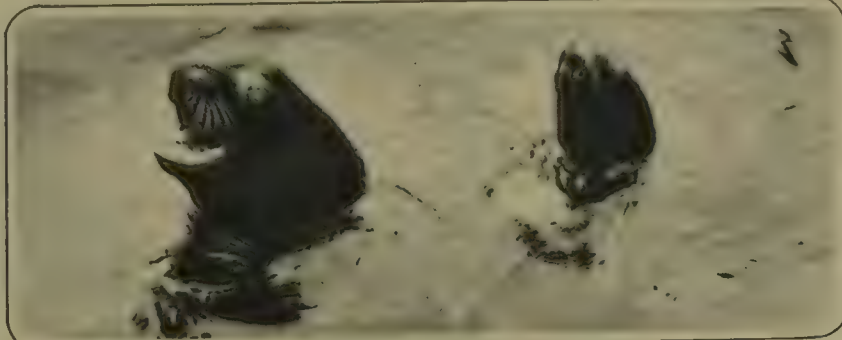


THE FISH-THROWING MECHANISM IN THE TOWER; SHOWING THE MOVING SPIKED CHAIN WHICH HOLDS THE FISH AND THE "BAT" (A) WHICH KNOCKS THE FISH FROM THE SPIKES, ONE BY ONE.

THE AUTOMATIC SEA-LION FEEDER IN ACTION: A FISH IN THE AIR AFTER HAVING BEEN EJECTED FROM THE TOWER SEEN ON THE LEFT AS A SEQUEL TO THE INSERTION OF A SIXPENNY-PIECE IN A LITTLE SLOT-MACHINE FIXED TO THE RAILINGS OF THE POND AT THE "ZOO."



PUTTING SIXPENCE IN THE SLOT-MACHINE ON THE RAILINGS, AND THUS WORKING THE FISH-THROWING MECHANISM IN THE TOWER ON THE ROCKERY ABOVE THE SEA-LIONS' POND.



SEA-LIONS, WARNED BY A KLAXON HORN, WAITING TO CATCH FISH AUTOMATICALLY THROWN FROM THE TOWER.

THE "Zoo" has added yet another attraction to the many it boasts, and visitors to the famous Gardens in Regent's Park are vastly entertained by it. In the past, those of the public who wished to see the feeding of the sea-lions had to wait until stated hours. Now it is possible for anyone who wishes to tickle the palates of the sea-lions in question to do so at any time—merely by placing sixpence in a slot-machine! Our photographs show how the mechanism is operated. Directly a sixpenny-piece has been inserted in a small slot-machine fixed to the railings of the pond, a klaxon horn sounds to warn the sea-lions to expect fish. A second or two later the fish paid for is flung automatically from a tower set up on the rockery. Inside this tower is a moving endless chain which has spikes fixed to it at intervals. Each spike holds a fish, and when the electro-mechanism is worked by the slot-machine, the fish are thrown from the tower one by one—three for sixpence!



BILL, THE "CHAMPION DIVER" SEA-LION, LEAPING TO CATCH AN AUTOMATICALLY-THROWN FISH BEFORE IT REACHES THE WATER—THUS ANTICIPATING HIS LESS SKILFUL FELLOWS!

"SAID ENGLAND UNTO PHARAOH."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE LIFE OF LORD CROMER": By THE MARQUESS OF ZETLAND.*

(PUBLISHED BY HODDER AND STOUGHTON.)

NO "eminent Victorian"—and let it be said at the outset that the late Mr. Lytton Strachey's inadequate estimate of Lord Cromer needed the corrective which is to be found in this volume—so richly earned the tribute which epitomises Lord Zetland's biography: "Throughout a long life he devoted a stainless character and high abilities to the good, not merely of his own country, but of mankind, he sought no reward but the fruit of his labours, and left a name as an administrator second to none among those who by their services have glorified the British race." Imperialism is to-day out of fashion, and we have among us an increasing number of those who regard it as the reverse of a merit to "glorify the British race," or any other race; yet few, of whatever political opinions, will be able to read this life-story without admiration for the qualities which this man of single purpose brought to a task, and a chosen task, of exceptional difficulty. Lord Zetland justly describes the Cromer type of imperialism as "passionate but sane." Its dominant motive was not territorial or political aggrandisement, but a profound humanitarianism, in the best sense of that misused term, and it possessed the rare and inestimable virtue of being able to reconcile idealism with realism.—Its value to England was that it steered her through troubled waters in which she found herself almost by accident, and in which miscalculation or loss of nerve at any moment might have meant shipwreck.

Lord Zetland has found his subject entirely congenial to an able and sympathetic pen. The particular strength of his book lies in discernment and estimate of character. The portrait of a remarkable man is extraordinarily just and vivid. In narrative quality this biography is not so strong, nor yet, in our opinion, equal to the same author's *Life of Lord Curzon*. The author's difficulty has been that Lord Cromer has previously told his own story, and it is a difficulty in which one must entirely sympathise; but the result—perhaps inevitable—is undoubtedly a certain unevenness in the chronicle. At some points there are lacunæ which might have been avoided by more frequent, though not necessarily lengthy, summaries of international events; at other points there is a tendency to repetition in regard to matters, such as Egyptian finance, which are not of the same permanent interest as the greater issues. But this may be captious; for the general effect is that of a study of notable power, patience and discrimination, which forms a substantial contribution to the annals of a highly interesting period of imperial history.

Evelyn Baring did not seem to be destined for a distinguished career of public service. Preparation for the Army was a remarkably easy-going affair in the 'fifties, and young Baring passed into, and out of, Woolwich with the "education of a gentleman," which in those days was no education at all. It was characteristic that throughout his life he never ceased to educate himself, becoming, among other things, a versatile linguist, a deep student of history, and a classical scholar of sufficient attainments to be President of the Classical Association and to be able to correct Mr. Gladstone on points of Homeric scholarship. In old age, when most of his public work was done, he continued to extend his intellectual interests with indefatigable zeal, and the range of his reading was extraordinary. It was not likely, therefore, that he would find his true vocation in an Army which cried out for reform, and which, indeed, he helped to reform—to the prejudice of any military ambitions which he might have entertained. An unexpected chance gave him opportunities in other directions, and it was as "Vice-Viceroy" to his cousin, Lord Northbrook, in India that he first began to show the possibilities of the career which was to be his. Towards that career, and towards the realisation of his full powers, he had been greatly stimulated by his betrothal to the beautiful and gracious Ethel Errington. So little did he enjoy the advantages of the "privileged youth" of his day that it was fourteen years before he was in a position to marry her.

It was again by an unpredictable chance that, in 1877, he had his first experience of Egypt. Ismail Pasha had established what probably remains a "world record" of princely extravagance, for within thirteen years he had raised the public debt of Egypt from three millions to ninety millions. As a Commissioner of the Debt, appointed somewhat experimentally by Mr. Goschen, Captain Baring not only showed high financial ability, but rapidly acquired an expert knowledge of Egyptian conditions. Lord Zetland lays particular stress on the fact "that this distinguished representative of a family famous for its eminence in the world of finance possessed above all things a financier's mind." That fact he again demonstrated as Financial Member in India from 1880 to 1883. And then he returned

White Man's Burden was fixed irremovably on Britain's back. France perpetually pinpricked and harassed: Turkey did the same; the problem of the Sudan ever lowered and threatened. The whole country lay under "the curse of internationalism." Its finances were chaotic, its nominal rulers unstable and often hostile, its common people debased and cowed by ages of ruthless exploitation. The "man on the spot" was embarrassed once and again by the indecisions and ineptitudes of Cabinets and by the pedantries of Departments, and any impatience which he showed earned for him the reproach of autocracy. He had the incredibly delicate task of having to govern without giving the appearance of governing. The anomalous nature of his position is perhaps best shown by the fact that the Sudan campaign of 1896-8—a campaign which was of vital moment to British prestige—"was conducted by the English Consul-General. The War Office assumed no responsibility and issued no orders." It need hardly be said that risk was proportionate to responsibility. A single false step, and Cromer would have gone down to history not as the Maker of Modern Egypt, not as *El Lord*, but as a failure and probably as a despot who had overreached himself: for there is little doubt that under the régime of any of his superiors at the Foreign Office, with the probable exception of Lord Rosebery, if Cromer had involved England in any serious embarrassment, he would have been mercilessly *débarqué*. Amid all these shoals and reefs, Evelyn Baring steered unwaveringly for the one great landfall "of leading the Egyptian people from bankruptcy to solvency, then onwards to affluence, from Khedivial monstrosities to British justice, and from Oriental methods veneered with spurious European civilisation towards the true civilisation of the West based on the principles of the Christian moral code."

The measure of his success cannot be better described than in the following words: "The finances of the country, from the habilitation of which all other reforms may be said to have flowed, underwent a remarkable transformation. By the end of Lord Cromer's long term of office, Egypt, which in the early 'eighties was heading for the second time within a decade for bankruptcy, was a country whose credit in the money-markets of the world stood second only to that of France and England. . . Irrigation works, second only in size and importance to those constructed by British engineers in India, had been undertaken, bringing to the peasant's fields, 'in a measure surpassing his wildest expectations,' the element for which above all else he thirsted. . . An efficient army had been created; the horrible prison system had been reformed, and order and justice had taken the place of confusion and tyranny; slave-markets had been abolished; the purchase of a slave had become a criminal offence attended with danger both to the buyer and the seller, and thousands of actual slaves had been set free. Sanitary and medical administration had been placed on a modern basis; hospitals and dispensaries and medical and veterinary

colleges had been established. Justice had ceased to be a commodity to be hawked in the market-place and knocked down to the highest bidder. The people, generally speaking, had learned that they were ignorant, and had developed a desire to be taught—education consequently had been taken in hand, and schools and colleges had been provided. Egypt, in short, had advanced an astonishingly long way on the road along which it had become the consuming passion of Lord Cromer's life to lead her; and this in spite of the manifold and thorny obstacles that blocked the way. A modern Moses, he led the people to the promised land; but the task of leadership was no ordinary one—one which brought out and exercised those qualities of mind and strength of moral fibre which experience had already shown that Evelyn Baring possessed in ample measure." And even this estimate does not mention two achievements which Lord Cromer himself regarded as among the outstanding contributions of his administration—namely, the restoration of the Sudan to Egypt and the Anglo-French Agreement of 1904, which was in many respects the crown of a stewardship greatly conceived and greatly performed.—C. K. A.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes: in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive also photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

When illustrations are submitted, each subject sent should be accompanied by a suitable description.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

to Egypt, a country which he thought he had left for ever, for his real life-work.

He never deviated from it. He had many glittering opportunities of service in other directions—as Ambassador, as Viceroy of India, as Minister for Foreign Affairs in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government. He refused them all with little hesitation, and by adhering to his chosen task undoubtedly made a greater contribution than he could have done in any other capacity. It is impossible within these limits to trace the whole course of his administration between 1883 and 1907, but it is well to remind ourselves of the extreme complexity of his responsibilities. Seeley speaks of England's habit of conquering countries "in a fit of absence." England had, if not conquered, at least found herself in Egypt "in a fit of absence." The perpetual question was whether she was to remain or to go; and if she was to go, when and how? With regard to that problem, the Government at home constantly wavered: and so things drifted on, with alarming accompaniments like the Gordon affair, until it was no longer possible for England to go (as Lord Cromer became convinced), and the

* "The Life of Lord Cromer." By the Marquess of Zetland. (Hodder and Stoughton; 25s. net.)

THE TERMITE-HUNTER: A REMARKABLE NATURE STUDY FROM INDIA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. W. CHAMPION, M.A., F.Z.S., IMPERIAL FOREST SERVICE OF INDIA. ALL COPYRIGHTS STRICTLY RESERVED. (SEE ALSO PAGES 420 AND 421.)



AT THE FOOT OF THE NEST: A VERY BIG SLOTH BEAR SEARCHING FOR "WHITE ANTS."

With this photograph, Mr. F. W. Champion sent us the following note: "Sloth bears are still common in suitable places in India, and, owing to their poor eyesight and hearing, they are often stumbled upon unawares. The unfortunate man who thus meets one of these bears suddenly is very liable to suffer severe injuries, particularly to the face and head. The large light-coloured object in the background is an ant-hill, or termites' nest. Sloth bears consume large numbers of termites and have wonderful powers of suction for drawing the

termites out of their nests." To which may be added (from the "Britannica"): "The common black or sloth bear . . . is distinguished by a white horse-shoe mark on its breast. Its food consists of ants, honey and fruit. When disturbed it will attack man, and it is a dangerous antagonist, for it always strikes at the face." And: "Termites form the scientific order Isoptera and are popularly known as white ants; but, as they differ fundamentally from true ants and are rarely white, this designation is open to objection."

ELEPHANT, FEARING GOND, MALIGNED RATEL, AND "ANIMATED FIR-CONE": REMARKABLE NATURE STUDIES FROM INDIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. W. CHAMPION, M.A., F.Z.S., IMPERIAL FOREST SERVICE OF INDIA. ALL COPYRIGHTS STRICTLY RESERVED. (SEE ALSO PAGE 419.)



ANIMALS WHICH LIVE IN TERROR OF ELEPHANTS, FROM WHICH THEY ARE SHOT: SWAMP DEER (OR GOND; OR BARASINGHA)—CHIEFLY HINDUS—GRAZING PEACEFULLY ON THE GOND-GROUNDS OF THE MAHARANI SAHEBA OF SINGAHI.

WRITING of the photographs here reproduced, Mr. F. W. Champion notes of the first: "This gives some idea of the vast numbers of these fine deer which still exist in suitable places in Oudh. The swamp deer, or gond, or Barasingha, as the animal is variously called, is a magnificent creature whose horns sometimes have as many as twenty tines. In Oudh the gond is essentially a water-loving animal, but in Central India it is quite at home on great grassy plains." He further remarks that these deer will rush away from even a tame elephant, adding: "They are terrified of elephants, from which they are generally shot." This photograph was taken on the gond-grounds of the Maharani Saheba of Singahi. Of the second photograph he says: "Ratel, fierce animals, are fairly common in the Indian jungles, but, like pangolins, they are extremely nocturnal and are rarely seen. They are full of courage and, unfortunately, in India suffer from an undeserved reputation of digging up and eating human corpses." The Indian pangolin is described as follows: "These weird creatures, suggestive of giant animated fir-cones, occur sparingly in most of the more jungly parts of the plains of India, but they are very nocturnal and are rarely seen. An interesting article on pangolins, by Mr. Pycraft, appeared recently in 'The Illustrated London News.' (June 25, 1932.) Our readers will recall that this is by no means the first occasion on which we have published remarkable nature pictures by Mr. Champion, who hunts with a reflex camera by day and with flashlight and camera by night. They will remember Mr. Champion also as the author of 'With a Camera in Tiger-land,' a most fascinating work, with over eighty pictures, which we reviewed in 1927; and they will be glad to know that the author has a second book in preparation.



NOCTURNAL CREATURES WHICH SUFFER UNDER AN UNDESERVED REPUTATION FOR DIGGING UP HUMAN BODIES: A PAIR OF INDIAN RATELS, FIERCE AND COURAGEOUS ANIMALS.



SUGGESTING AN ANIMATED FIR-CONE! AN INDIAN PANGOLIN, A STRANGE CREATURE WHICH OCCURS SPARINGLY IN MOST OF THE MORE JUNGLY PARTS OF THE PLAINS OF INDIA.

ULSTER'S NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.



"A HUGE WHITE PALACE OF PORTLAND STONE": THE IMPOSING NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT OF NORTHERN IRELAND, AT STORMONT, NEAR BELFAST.



THE INTERIOR OF THE NEW ULSTER PARLIAMENT BUILDING: THE SENATE CHAMBER FROM THE PUBLIC GALLERY, SHOWING THE ORNATE PRESIDENTIAL CHAIR.



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN THE ULSTER PARLIAMENT BUILDING AT BELFAST: THE INTERIOR, WITH THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR, SEEN FROM THE PUBLIC GALLERY.

The magnificent new building that houses the Parliament of Northern Ireland has been completed this year, and the Parliament a few months ago met for the first time within its walls. The façade is approached by a long processional way which is entered through imposing gates. It may be interesting to recall what a well-known topographical writer has to say upon this subject. Writing a little while before the completion of the work, Mr. H. V. Morton, in his latest book, "In Search of Ireland," describes it as follows: "On a slight hill a few miles east of Belfast, on the road to Dundonald, is rising a huge white palace of Portland stone, the new Parliament of Northern Ireland. In a princely moment Westminster agreed to give Ulster this immense building to house fifty-two M.P.s and twenty-six Senators. It will cost £850,000. It rises on a terrace, and wears an expression very similar to an overgrown Buckingham Palace. Not far away is Stormont Castle, a Scottish baronial building, the official residence of the Prime Minister." The top photograph is a south-western view of the building.

THE RESCUE OF THE "FLYING FAMILY."

Anxiety for the safety of the "Flying Family," whose aeroplane had come down in the sea near Angmagssalik, in Greenland, and had sent out an S.O.S. call for help, was relieved on the 13th by the news that they had been found by the Aberdeen trawler "Lord Talbot." A wireless message to the trawler's owners stated: "Have located Hutchinson family. Am now standing by to rescue them. Will carry out rescue operations as soon as possible." Both the family and the crew were found to be well. Mr. and Mrs. George Hutchinson, of Richmond, Virginia, and their two daughters, Kathryn (aged eight) and Janet (aged six), started from New York on August 23 to fly across the Atlantic by the northern route, to demonstrate its practicability. Each of the little girls, it will be seen, took a doll with her. On September 11 the party left Julianehaab, in south-west Greenland, in their amphibian biplane "City of Richmond" for Angmagssalik, on the eastern coast, and it was later on that day that the Angmagssalik radio station received the S.O.S. messages. The eight rescued people were landed at Finsbu.



THE "FLYING FAMILY'S" AEROPLANE, RECENTLY LOCATED AFTER A FORCED DESCENT IN THE SEA OFF GREENLAND: THE "CITY OF RICHMOND," AN AMPHIBIAN MACHINE WITH DETACHABLE UNDER-CARRIAGE, IN THE AIR.



THE "FLYING FAMILY" AND CREW WITH THEIR MACHINE: (LEFT TO RIGHT) NORMAN ALLEY (PHOTOGRAPHER), MR. GEORGE HUTCHINSON (OWNER), JANET HUTCHINSON (YOUNGER DAUGHTER), MRS HUTCHINSON, KATHRYN HUTCHINSON (ELDER DAUGHTER), P. REDPATH (NAVIGATOR), J. RUFF (MECHANIC), G. ALTISSICH (WIRELESS OPERATOR).



THE FEMININE SIDE OF THE RESCUED "FLYING FAMILY": MRS. HUTCHINSON WITH HER DAUGHTERS KATHRYN (LEFT) AND JANET INSIDE THE AEROPLANE CABIN.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE DRAMATIC DISSOLUTION OF THE REICHSTAG: CAPTAIN GÖRING (1), THE SPEAKER, WHO IS A NAZI, STANDING UP BY HIS CHAIR, FACED BY HERR VON PAPPEN (2), THE CHANCELLOR, WHO PRESENTED THE DISSOLUTION PAPER.

The Reichstag was dissolved on September 12, after a most dramatic series of incidents. Punctually at 3 o'clock, the Chancellor, Herr von Papen, and his colleagues entered the House, which had officially met only to hear the Government declaration. The procedure was interrupted, however, by Herr Torgler, a Communist, to whom the Speaker, Captain Göring, gave the word. Herr Torgler denounced the Government and proposed that the agenda, which contained the Government declaration, should be altered, and that a motion for a vote of censure should be taken. The objection of a single Deputy would have been sufficient to avert this vote, but this

objection was not forthcoming. After a short adjournment, the Chancellor rose and demanded the word. Captain Göring took no notice. The Chancellor then dropped the dissolution paper on Captain Göring's table and led his colleagues out of the House, where the vote of censure was already proceeding. This was carried by 513 against 32. But Captain Göring was subsequently forced to cancel the session on the following day, when Centre and Socialists decided that they did not intend to take part in any attempt to assert this Reichstag against the Government. Elections for a new Reichstag will be held within the constitutional interval of sixty days.



COLONEL P. H. FAWCETT:
By an unfortunate error, we published in our last issue a photograph over the name of Col. P. H. Fawcett, the celebrated explorer, which actually showed M. Alexander Siemel, who is famous as "The Tiger Man." We here give a true portrait of Col. Fawcett, who disappeared in the forest belt lying between the Kuluene River and the Rio das Mortes, and was last heard of in 1925.



MR. PERCY FLETCHER.
Composer and conductor. Died September 10; aged fifty-four. Appointed to His Majesty's Theatre by Sir Herbert Tree. Conducted "Chu Chin Chow." Wrote the music for "Cairo" (1921) and "The Good Old Days" (1920).



M. GENNADIUS.
M. Gennadius, who served two long terms as Hellenic Minister in London, and was also widely known as scholar and bibliophile, died on September 7, at the age of eighty-eight. He was famous for the library which he presented to the American School of Classical Studies at Athens.



MR. TOM HONEY.
Director of numerous companies, died on September 8; aged eighty. For many years he worked in close association with Mr. S. B. Joel, whose "right-hand man" he was considered to be. Founded the "H. B." Club.



DR. LANGDON BROWN.
Dr. W. Langdon Brown has been appointed Regius Professor of Physic in the University of Cambridge. He is a Consulting Physician to the Metropolitan Hospital, Senior Medical Officer of the Provident Mutual Life Assurance Company, and an Examiner in Medicine at the University of Cambridge. He was formerly Croonian Lecturer at the Royal College of Physicians.



SIR GILBERT PARKER.
The well-known Canadian novelist. Died on September 6; aged sixty-nine. Among his numerous works were "The Seats of the Mighty," a historical romance of Quebec (published, 1896); "The Pomp of the Lavilliettes," and "The Battle of the Strong." He was Unionist member for Gravesend, in England, from 1900 to 1918.



CLAIMED TO BE THE FIRST TUNNY TO BE LANDED BY A WOMAN ANGLER WITH ROD AND LINE: MRS. SPARROW WITH HER CATCH, WHICH WEIGHED 469 LB.
Mrs. Sparrow, wife of Col. R. Sparrow, of Colne Engaine, Essex, was successful in landing a big tunny on September 8, after a tussle that lasted two-and-a-half hours. The fish weighed 469 lb., was 7 ft. long and 5 ft. in girth. Mrs. Sparrow is stated to be the first woman angler to land one of the huge tunnies. The fish was caught off Scarborough. Two other tunnies (weighing 504 lb. and 554 lb.) were hooked about the same time.



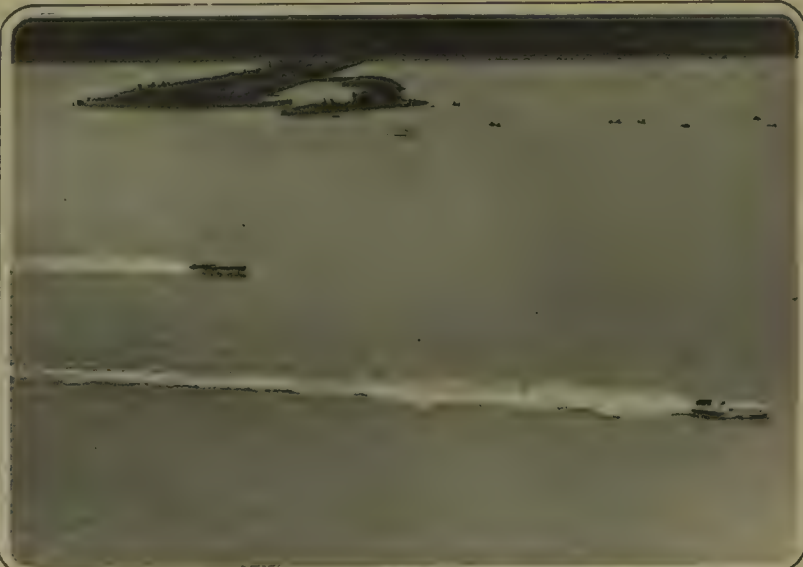
MR. HUGH RUTLEDGE.
It was announced by the Royal Geographical Society on September 8 that Mr. Hugh Rutledge had accepted their invitation to be the leader of the new Mount Everest expedition. He retired from the Indian Civil Service at the beginning of this year. He took part in the recent Nanda Devi expedition.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A WATERCOLOUR PAINTING BY JOHN VARLEY.

John Varley, one of the most prolific of watercolour painters, was born in 1778 and died in 1842. At his best he produced work that is masterly in treatment. He was unrivalled in laying clean brilliant washes of colour and in distributing his masses of light and shade. In this powerful drawing, which belongs to an early stage of his career, his instinct for balance of design is shown at its finest.



KAYE DON, IN "MISS ENGLAND III.," LEADING "MISS AMERICA X.": THE FIRST HEAT IN THE RACE FOR THE HARMSWORTH TROPHY.

The first heat in the race for the Harmsworth Trophy was held on Lake St. Clair, Detroit, on September 3. After Lord Wakefield's speedboat had led for four laps, Commodore Gar Wood, in "Miss America X.," won by two miles. The second heat was also won by America and the trophy retained for another year. Lord Wakefield, incidentally, announced on September 12 that he was giving up his interest in motor-boat racing "for personal reasons."



THE RETURN OF H.M.S. "EFFINGHAM," FULLY MANNED TO THE MAST-HEADS: THE CRUISER ENTERING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR AFTER TWO YEARS' FOREIGN SERVICE.

The cruiser H.M.S. "Effingham" returned to port on September 12 after completing three continuous commissions as flag-ship of the East Indies station. The crew lined the sides of the vessel and the yards up to the mast-heads, making a unique spectacle, watched by thousands of sightseers, as the ship entered Portsmouth Harbour. After she had been berthed, relatives and friends were allowed to board her. The cruiser now goes into reserve.



A NEW RIVAL FOR THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE ATLANTIC: THE ITALIAN LINER "REX," SHORTLY TO MAKE HER MAIDEN VOYAGE.

The new Transatlantic liner "Rex," of the Navigazione Generale Italiana, which was launched a year ago, is scheduled to start her maiden voyage on September 27. She has a displacement of 50,000 tons, and is the largest ship ever built in an Italian yard. With her anticipated speed of upwards of 28 knots, a running time of seven days between Genoa and New York will be possible, and of five days between Gibraltar and New York.



THE LAST THAT WAS SEEN OF THE "GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY": THE AEROPLANE AT HARBOUR GRACE, BEFORE TAKING OFF FOR OSLO.

As noted in our issue of September 3, Messrs. Clyde Lee and John Bockhon left Harbour Grace on August 25 in an attempt to fly to Oslo. No news of them was received after they had left Newfoundland, and the flyers' death must be presumed.



THE MEMORIAL TO COMMEMORATE THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE: A GIFT FROM THE UNITED STATES TO FRANCE.

The memorial at Varedes, near Meaux, to commemorate the battle of the Marne, was presented to the French Republic by Mr. Walter Edge, the American Ambassador, on September 11. Its presentation to France by public subscription in the United States is intended as a return for the Statue of Liberty. The memorial represents France supporting her wounded children.



A MOTOR JOURNEY FROM LONDON TO CALCUTTA: CAPTAIN T. YATES BENYON, WITH THE HILLMAN "MINX" IN WHICH HE BROKE THE PREVIOUS RECORD.

Captain Yates Benyon arrived in Calcutta forty-four days after leaving London—the shortest time ever taken by car on the overland route. Had he not been held up for six days outside Quetta he would have won his race against the s.s. "Manora."

AT THE LONDON SALON: SOLDIER AND CIVILIAN IN STONE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN THE TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY.



"KAMERADSCHAFT": BY E. HEIMANN.

The new Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography has recently been opened in the galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours at 5a, Pall Mall East, and will remain open until October 8. The exhibits, which range over a wide variety of subjects, maintain the high standard of excellence associated with the Salon. Here we have an impressive example of the new sculpture, so much in vogue in Germany, caught by the photographer from

an unusual angle, at which the two massive stone heads are seen to be imbued with a strange impassive dignity. They represent the comradeship of the soldier and the worker in war, of the men who fed the guns and the men who fired them. This remarkable work bears the same title as that of a German film of industrial life which recently made a great impression in England by its humanity and by its dignity.

AT THE LONDON SALON: PURE PATTERN AND THE "WEE HUMAN."

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

"PATTERN":

BY

ROGER M. KELLY.

Continued.

upper illustration owes its appeal to such untrammelled rhythms; but in the lower one the human element has begun to creep back again, tiny, but none the less manfully striving—a speck of dynamic flesh in a waste of passive stone. These remarkable photographs are to be seen, with many others of like impressiveness, in the Exhibition at the London Salon of Photography, which will be found described on the preceding page.

THE beauties of "pure pattern" and "pure design," which were first cried up by the disciples of abstract art, have now for a long time been known to the photographer. Abandoning all thought of human connections and of "subject," we give ourselves up to the appreciation of "pure form," "significant form," and "variety in uniformity"—to quote the words of various exponents of this type of æsthetic experience. The

[Continued above.]



"A DIFFICULT TASK": BY ERNO VADAS.

AT THE LONDON SALON: A SUBJECT THAT WOULD BLIND AN ARTIST.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN THE TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY.



"THE WELDER": BY VALENTINO SARRA.

Unhappy the artist who was so ambitious as to try to record the weird scene so brilliantly reproduced here by the camera, for he would be blinded by the glare of the welding. Like some inhuman servant of magic, or one of the dwarfs of the underworld, the welder does his work, and its secrets are more securely guarded than the stolen treasure of the Nibelungs was by Fafnir. But the camera prides into these hidden wonders of the realm of light and heat, and

brings back into the daylight world and the realm of eyesight strange trophies, and fairy-tales of workers masked from their own creations, hooded like warlocks raising the Devil, and the flame that eats metal. This and other photographic marvels may be seen, at the London Salon of Photography, in a remarkable Exhibition now open to the public in the galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours at 5a, Pall Mall East.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AT the recent conclave of the British Association, I was glad to see, some attention was paid to the abatement of noise in modern life. The noise of cities, of course, is an old grievance with literary folk. Juvenal denounced the din of ancient Rome; Tennyson referred with implied disapproval to "roaring London, raving Paris"; and Carlyle was particularly sensitive to irritating sounds—he had trouble with a neighbour, I believe, about the crowing of a cock, although that is not exactly a typical urban nuisance.

I write with some feeling on this matter, as I happen to suffer a good deal from noise in my working hours—not only that of traffic (to which, being constant, one can grow accustomed), but more especially, from the "vocal (and instrumental) villainies" of street musicians. [I except the Welsh miners' chorus.] Often I recall the bitter cry of the Roman poet—

*Semper ego auditor tantum,
nunquamne reponam?*

and only the fear of Pentonville restrains me from sallying forth to murder my tormentors. Why does not our old friend D.O.R.A. step into the breach here, and do something for once really useful?

My immediate reason for advertising to this painful subject is a work entitled "HEARING IN MEN AND ANIMALS." By R. T. Beatty, M.A., B.E., D.Sc., Senior Scientific Officer, Department of Scientific Research and Experiment, Admiralty. With Diagrams (Bell; 12s.). Remembering the poet's lines—

So all day long the noise of
battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the
winter sea—

and in view of the author's name and association with the Navy, I should rather have expected him to devote a chapter—say—to the thunders of Jutland, and the effect of gun-fire on the hearing of gun-crews, or to discuss the technique of listening apparatus. There are, indeed, some incidental allusions of this kind, as to the fact that "during the War attempts were made to train sea-lions to detect the noises made by submarines," or that "aeroplane passengers often experience a feeling of general deafness to all sounds for about an hour after landing." Mainly, however, Dr. Beatty deals with the physiology of the ear, and with its reactions to sounds in nature and in civil life.

To indicate the scope of a scientist's work, it is safest for a layman to allow the author to speak for himself. "The purpose of this book," says Dr. Beatty, "is to convey in plain terms to the general reader a connected account of the phenomena of audition in living creatures, and of the various mechanisms by which animals are made sensitive to the range of sounds important for their welfare." Finding a certain lack of *liaison*, in this branch of research, between specialists in various sciences (anatomy, physics, physiology, psychology, and engineering), the author uses the simplest possible language, so that they should not be stumped by each other's "formidable technical terms," but develop closer collaboration. Many points emerge that will intrigue the general reader. It is amusing to learn, for instance, that science does not find the shape of the human ear an infallible index of character, and the so-called "criminal ear" no longer excites the suspicions of detectives; or, again, that "silkworm gut is stronger than brass wire; indeed, until the discovery of steel, it was the strongest substance known." Nevertheless, I have an impression that women's silk stockings need continual replacement!

The general reader will also appreciate a section on the scientific aspect of music, from the point of view both of physics and archaeology. Dr. Beatty recalls that the earliest evidence of musical activity came from Ur of the Chaldees, during Mr. Leonard Woolley's excavations, with which our readers have been made familiar. As a general reader myself, however, I have been touched most nearly by Dr. Beatty's final chapter on "Noises of Civilisation," and their bad effect on efficiency in factories and offices. Here the author compares the relative intensity of various sounds, some of which are even more nerve-racking than the efforts of itinerant vocalists. "The loudest and most awe-inspiring sound in Nature," we read, "is the lion's roar." But in the vicinity of building operations where steel joists are being put together by a pneumatic riveter, a lion would

roar in vain. Above the staccato of the riveter is heard the blare of motor-horns, some of which are of thirty lion-power and can be heard at a distance of ten miles in open country, like the great horn which Roland sounded in the Pyrenees." In a diagrammatic ladder, or ascending scale, of sounds, ranging from the rustle of leaves to "steel plate hammered by four men," the author leaves a blank space between this last noise and the top rung, marking the "limit of ear's endurance." Here, I think, might conveniently be inserted either the explosion of a volcano, or the sound produced by a set of pneumatic road-drills, such as those which recently operated, for some weeks, on the street immediately beneath my window!

Time was when "the Roadmender" was associated in literature with things peaceful and contemplative, but of late years he has rather changed his character. Personally, I have been led to regard the pneumatic drill as one of the least among the blessings of civilisation. Some bright spark of an inventor, I suppose, thought he had conferred a boon upon humanity when he produced this diabolical device, which, by the way, besides tending to shatter our ear-drums, appears to reduce the number of men employed. What would have been his fate, I wonder, in the realm of Erewhon, where it was considered desirable to scrap the machinery that had become the tyrant of man; or, again, under the benign rule of the Emperor of Titipu? There I can see him, like Sisyphus, or "the billiard sharp whom anyone catches," working out his appropriate doom—

And there he digs superfluous
trenches,
From year to thundering year,
With a blunted drill
On a rock-faced hill,
And never a pause for beer!

As for the 30-lion-power motor-horn, even that is drowned by the Vesuvian detonations of the motor-cyclist. In this connection,

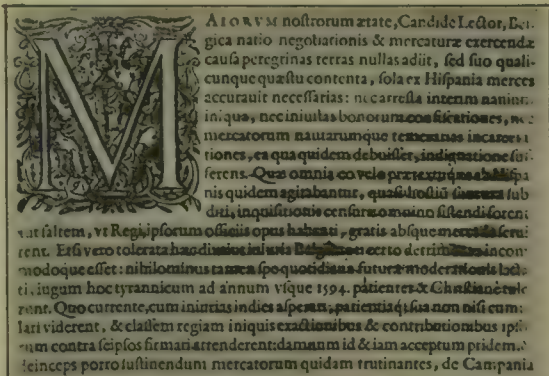
Curiously enough, the feline race figures also in a passage of special interest to me (for family reasons) in an attractive little book of topographical gossip—"THE DELECTABLE WEST." By Sir Herbert Russell, author of "With the Prince in the East." Illustrated (Bell; 6s.). The author evidently knows his country well, and writes briskly and chattily from memories of old journalistic days, when he lived in Plymouth over twenty years, "on a job," he says, "which kept me touring Devon and Cornwall in a leisurely way." On turning up the inevitable allusion to Hawker of Morwenstow, however, I regret to find a certain sketchiness and inadequacy, with signs of

great gathering of the local pigeons, some of them resting on her shoulders and arms. Shortly afterwards, opening the reminiscences of a well-known novelist, who enumerates all the things she has loved to see and do in the course of some ten years of wandering about the world, I find that she mentions "feeding the pigeons in the Piazza San Marco—and in Trafalgar Square." Can it be that the woman I saw was the author of "ALL EXPERIENCE." By Ethel Mannin. With Frontispiece (Jarrolds; 10s. 6d.)? It is a happy title, for the author can truly say, with Ulysses: "I cannot rest from travel," and it is a pleasant surprise—at least to an unrepentant Victorian like myself—to find one of the moderns not disdaining to take her text from Tennyson. It suggests that his poetic stock, having survived a slump, is once more rising in the literary market. I am glad I came in on the ground floor.

Miss Mannin introduces her new work as "neither a travel book nor an autobiography" (that she has already given us in "Confessions and Impressions"), "but a sort of notebook of some of the things that had interested me in the course of thirty years of full and varied living." Like George Sand, with whose point of view she is much in sympathy, she loves "everything that makes up a *milieu*." Is there anything, by the way, that doesn't? I have found her book both interesting and enjoyable, finely written, and at times provocative. After the genial tone of her preface, laying so much stress on "a love of life," I was rather surprised to find later a considerable element of bitterness and scornful satire, directed mainly at society people and conventionality in general. There are many striking passages of description in the book, notably those of a boxing match between a white man and a negro, German sun-bathing, an ascent of Vesuvius, and an aeroplane flight, from Cologne to Frankfurt, "above a sea of clouds of the most incredible beauty . . . like a child's dream of heaven." The most appealing chapter, however, is that on the forsaken and starving cats of Trajan's Forum, and all animal-lovers will respect Miss Mannin for her vigorous protest against their cruel plight—a blot on the fair fame of Rome.

The famous parson-poet is referred to as "the Rev. Stephen Hawker," whereas his Christian names were Robert Stephen, and he used the name Robert. It is true that, loving animals and believing them to possess souls, he never drove them out of church, and that he was eccentric in dress; but it conveys an exaggerated impression to say: "Fancy introducing cats and dogs into the venerable pews as part of the congregation. Fancy walking about in a . . . get-up more worthy of a red-nosed comedian than a parson!" Hawker had "a queer streak in him certainly," but he was not quite as queer as all that.

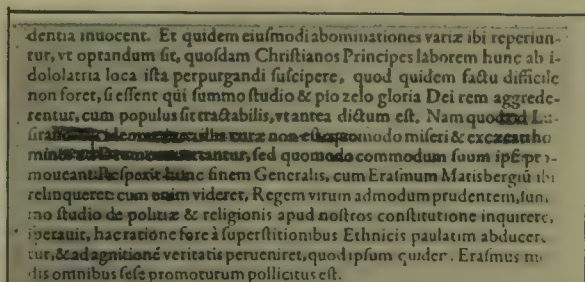
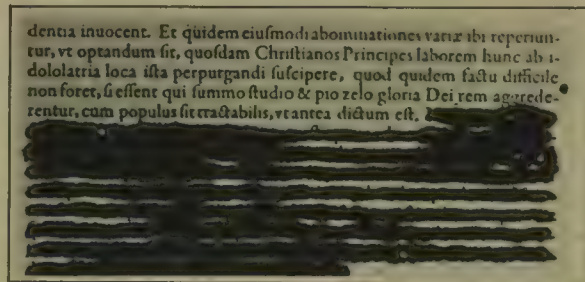
"The West" is an elastic term, and it is a far cry from Cornwall to the Outer Hebrides, whose history and traditions are vividly recorded in "THE WESTERN ISLES." By W. C. Mackenzie. Illustrated (Paisley: Alexander Gardner; 6s.). Of kindred interest is a well-illustrated little pocket volume, added to a familiar series, called "THINGS SEEN IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS." By James Baikie, F.R.A.S. (Seeley Service: cloth, 3s. 6d.; leather, 5s.). I am sorry to add that this charming little book is, presumably, a posthumous work, like the late Dr. Baikie's "Egyptian Antiquities in the Nile Valley," recently reviewed on this page. C. E. B.



AN INQUISITION EXPURGATION DECIPHERED BY INFRA-RED PHOTOGRAPHY: A PASSAGE OF DE BRY RELATING TO SPANISH TYRANNY OVER THE BELGIANS—(ABOVE) AN ORDINARY PHOTOGRAPH; (BELOW) AN INFRA-RED PHOTOGRAPH THAT PENETRATES THE ERASURES.

my heart fills with gratitude towards the Director of Research at the Air Ministry, Major Wimperis, who, at the above-mentioned British Association meeting, pointed out that there exists a perfectly effective silencer for the motor-cycle, and, furthermore, an audiometer which might be used by the police for testing purposes. I had innocently imagined that possibly the poor motor-cyclist could not help it, or was unable to afford the luxury of a silencer. The other day, however, I learned, from one who knows, that many of the tribe absolutely glory in the amount of din they create, as telling the world the power of their machine and its capacity for speed. The more row they make, the better they are pleased. After that, I feel, there is no loophole left for clemency, and the offenders should forthwith be subjected to audio-metrical examination in the third degree.

A few days ago, as I was proceeding past the National Gallery on my usual perch in the upper storey of a bus, I saw a woman beside the fountain opposite South Africa House standing among a



THE VALUE OF INFRA-RED PHOTOGRAPHY TO LIBRARIANS FOR DECIPHERING OLD CENSORED DOCUMENTS: ANOTHER EXPURGATED PASSAGE FROM DE BRY, RELATING TO ERASMUS: (ABOVE) AN ORDINARY PHOTOGRAPH; (BELOW) AN INFRA-RED PHOTOGRAPH REVEALING THE DELETED TEXT.

In the catalogue of the R.P.S. Exhibition, a note on Dr. Bendikson's infra-red photographs states: "Recent research in the Kodak Laboratories has led to the production of many new sensitising dyes, some of which are particularly suitable for use in the infra-red. They have . . . assisted the librarian in deciphering old censored documents." The examples shown (including those given here) are passages expurgated some 300 years ago, by the Spanish Inquisition censor, under the rules of the Index Expurgatorius, in a Latin edition of Theodore de Bry's "Voyages" (now in the Huntington Library and formerly in the Britwell Court Library), and in volumes of leaves from the same author's "Collectiones Peregrinationum." The upper print in each case is an ordinary photograph, showing the obliterations. The lower print represents the same passage photographed by the infra-red method, and revealing the words erased.

Photographs by Dr. L. Bendikson in the Royal Photographic Society's 77th Annual Exhibition. (See also opposite page.)

VANISHED WRITING BROUGHT BACK BY THE CAMERA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIEUT.-COL. W. R. MANSFIELD, SHOWN IN THE 77TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN. (SEE ILLUSTRATIONS OPPOSITE.)

THE adjoining illustration (Fig. 1) shows an interesting exhibit at the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition (other examples from which appeared in our last issue), under the heading of Ultra-Violet Photography. The foot-note attached to it (shown in our reproduction) explains that the parchment, looted from the Sultan's Palace in 1921, was afterwards bought from an Istanbul dealer, who described it as a letter from an English king to Sultan Mahmud II., but the writing had been washed and scraped off. After attempts to decipher it had failed, the luminogram revealed it as a missive from Louis XVIII. of France. To facilitate comparison of the luminogram with the ordinary photograph, identical letters (A to E) have been placed on both at corresponding points.

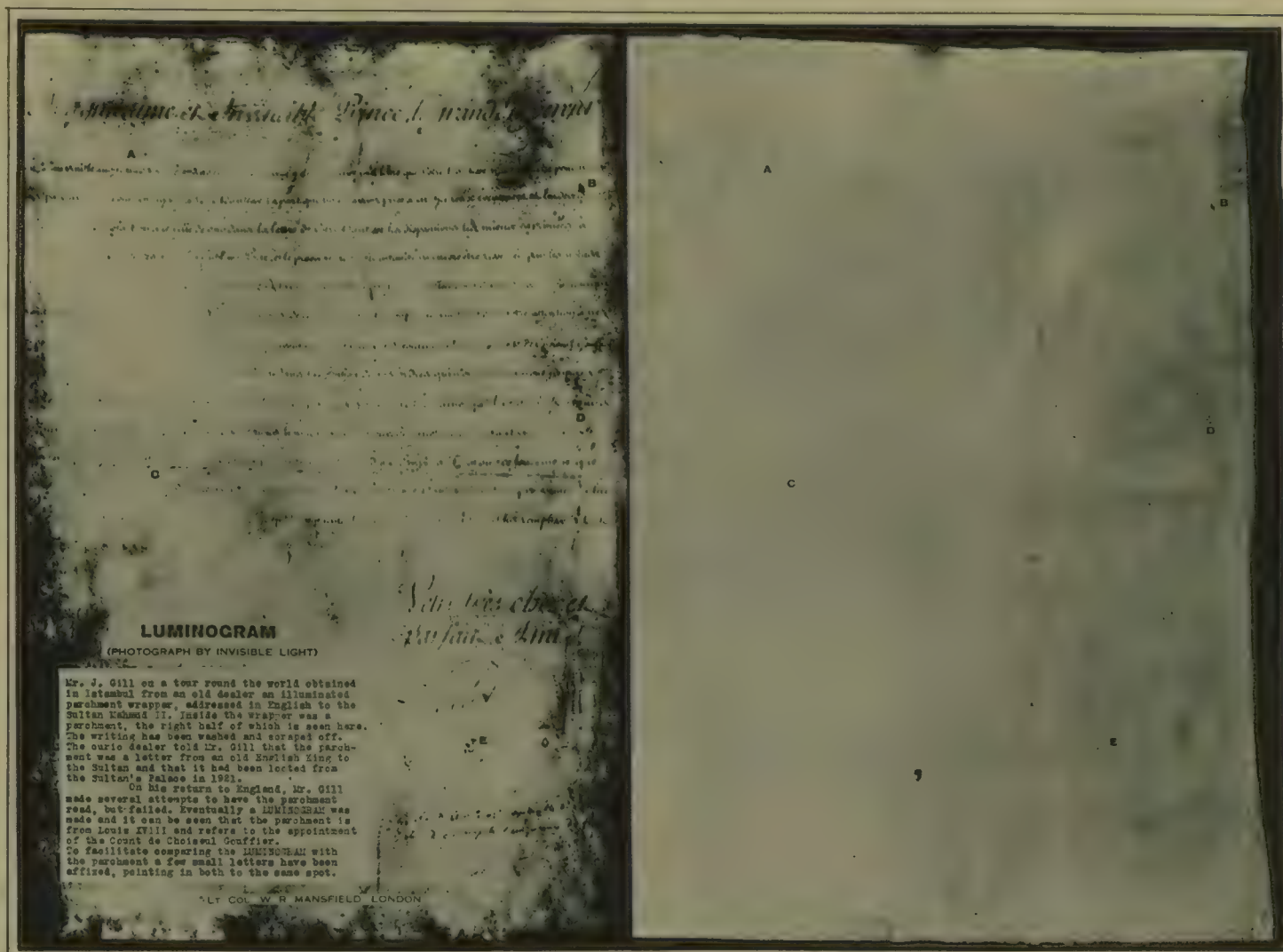


FIG. 1. THE DOCUMENT, APPARENTLY A BLANK SHEET, AS THE NAKED EYE SEES IT (RIGHT)—A MYSTERIOUS PARCHMENT (LOOTED FROM THE SULTAN'S PALACE AT CONSTANTINOPLE) AFTERWARDS DECIPHERED BY ULTRA-VIOLET PHOTOGRAPHY: (LEFT) A LUMINOGRAM, OR PHOTOGRAPH BY INVISIBLE LIGHT, REVEALING THE DOCUMENT TO BE A COMMUNICATION FROM LOUIS XVIII.—BOTH PRINTS MARKED WITH LETTERS, A TO E, AT IDENTICAL SPOTS, TO EMPHASISE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TWO.

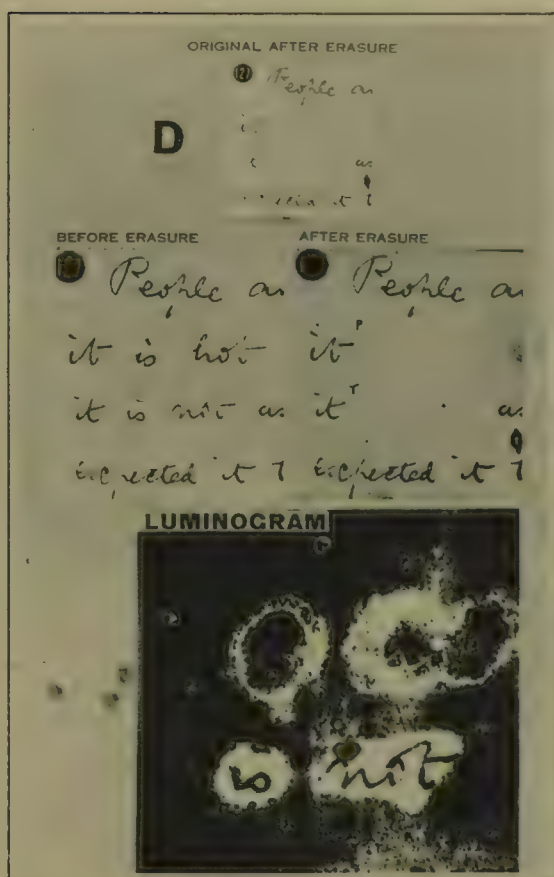


FIG. 2. ERASURES REVEALED BY ULTRA-VIOLET PHOTOGRAPHY: (ABOVE) PART OF A LETTER BEFORE AND AFTER ERASURE; (BELOW) A LUMINOGRAM OF THE ERASED SURFACE, BRINGING OUT THE WORDS REMOVED.

It is of interest to note that British research is playing a leading part to-day at both ends of the invisible spectrum. Ilford infra-red plates have, by their great speed and freedom from fog, rendered infra-red photography commercially possible, and Lt.-Col. Mansfield, by reducing the time of exposure, and more especially by obtaining the excellent definition with short-wave ultra-violet light, has made luminograms an effective aid in the detection of forgery, as well as a means of deciphering old faded documents. A note on Fig. 2 reads as follows: "A letter of 1919. The eradicators (P and T) have dulled the surface of the paper. After the erasure, a negative was made on Ilford Pan Process Plate with Wratten filter 49 (Blue). There is not the slightest trace of any ink-remains;

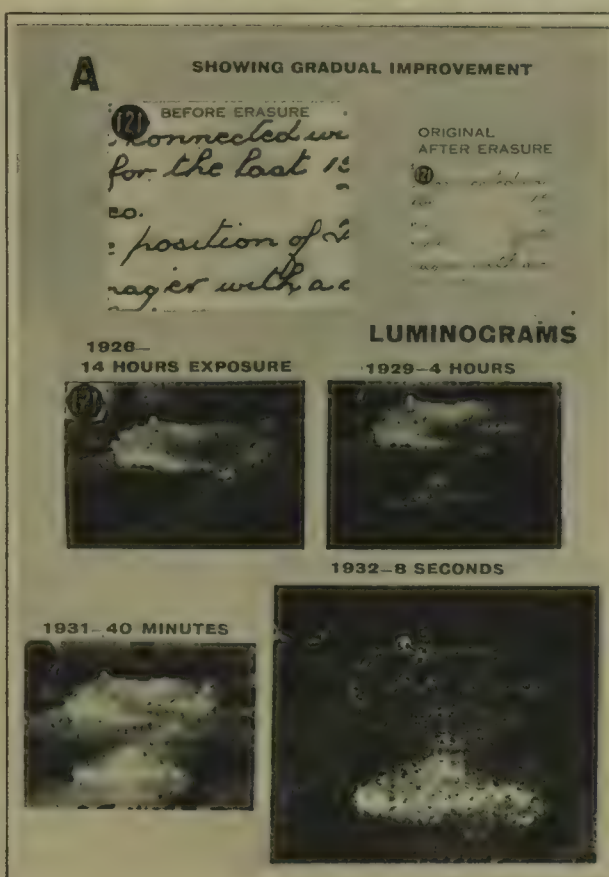


FIG. 3. PROGRESS IN THE REDUCTION OF TIME-EXPOSURE FOR LUMINOGRAMS, AND IN CLEARNESS OF DEFINITION, ACCOMPLISHED DURING THE LAST SIX YEARS: FROM 14 HOURS IN 1926 TO 8 SECONDS IN 1932.

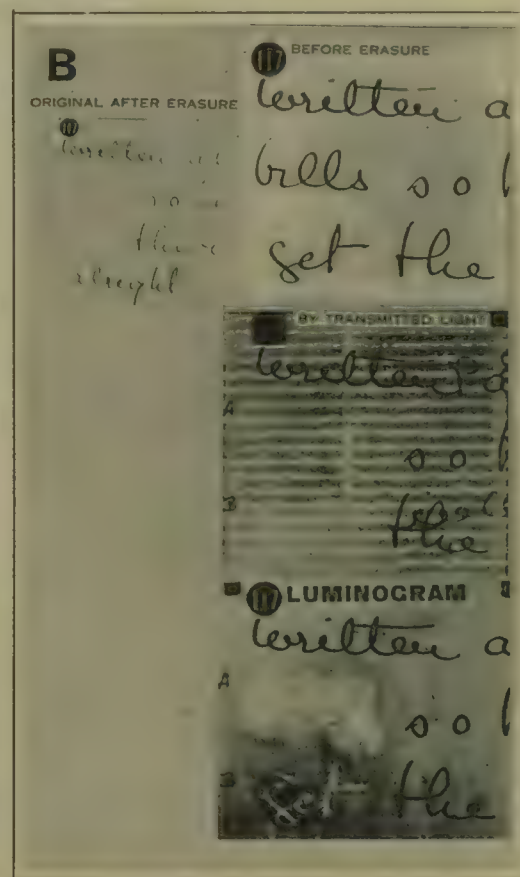


FIG. 4. ANOTHER ERASURE REVEALED: (ABOVE) THE ORIGINAL PASSAGE BEFORE AND AFTER ERASURE; (CENTRE) A PHOTOGRAPH BY TRANSMITTED LIGHT; (BELOW) THE LUMINOGRAM.

notwithstanding the Luminogram shows the original text." Of Figs. 3 and 4, a note states: "Chemical ink-eradicators are sometimes used to erase words or figures from letters, wills, account books, passports, stamps, deeds, season tickets, and so on. In legal proceedings it is frequently of great importance to ascertain the original text. By means of Luminograms this can be done. A Luminogram is a photograph of the luminescence produced by a short-wave ultra-violet light. In each of the exhibits A and B one word was erased with Ink-eradicator 'A' and one word with Eradicator 'B.' In the Luminograms the erased words are shown again. In Exhibit 'A' the progress made since 1926 is shown—shorter exposure and simultaneously more detail and better definition."

A SUBTERRANEAN "VENICE" OF THE NORTH: HAMBURG'S

A DESCRIPTION supplied with these interesting photographs says: "In addition to the waterways, crowded with large ocean liners and small boats, Hamburg has other canals that are quite as important. These canals, which are the oldest and largest in Europe, run through subterranean Hamburg under houses and streets. It was no small task for a city like Hamburg to create this system of canalisation, dependent as it is upon the tides of the river Elbe. Nevertheless, this difficult problem was already solved in 1842 in the most perfect way possible. There is a lively traffic in this subterranean world, the workmen of the canalisation works being the frequenters of this modern Hades. They have large boats at their disposal which they have to tow from one station to another, as motor-power cannot be used on account of the risk of poisoning. The long subterranean veins of this large seaport extend over 500 kilometres (more than 500 miles) and the boatmen may take weeks to

(Continued opposite)



"THE CANALS (OR FLEETEN) HAVE GAINED FOR HAMBURG THE NAME OF 'NORTHERN VENICE'": A TYPICAL BARGE OF THE CANALISATION WORKS, WITH A PUNTER AT BOW AND STERN, STARTING ON A TOUR THROUGH THE VAST SYSTEM OF SUBTERRANEAN WATERWAYS, SAID TO EXTEND FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES.



A TYPICAL BOATMAN OF HAMBURG'S UNDERGROUND WATERWAY: THE CAPTAIN OF A BARGE, WEARING THE CUSTOMARY HOOD AND WIELDING HIS PUNT-POLE.



A WEIRD PROCESSION, SUGGESTING THE RITUAL OF SOME SECRET SOCIETY, MONKISH CLOAKS AND HOODES, AND CARRYING SAFETY-LANTERNS, DISSEMBLING FROM A CUSHIONED BARGE ON THE SUBTERRANEAN WATERWAYS.

500-MILE CANAL SYSTEM—A VAST NETWORK OF WATERWAYS.



AT A JUNCTION ON THE HAMBURG UNDERGROUND CANAL SYSTEM: A PARTY OF WORKMEN IN THEIR MONKISH GARB, WITH HOODES AS A PROTECTION AGAINST ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS, ON THEIR WAY THROUGH A MASS OF TUNNELS—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WHEN THE ELBE WAS AT HIGH TIDE, WHICH EXTENDS TO THE CANALS.



PRECAUTIONS AGAINST POISONOUS GASES IN THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE TUNNELLED WATERWAYS: A HAMBURG CANAL WORKMAN EQUIPPED WITH GAS-MASK AND BREATHING APPARATUS.

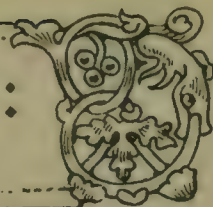


traverse the whole system. The photographs show typical scenes in this rather world of Hamburg." A British visitor's impressions of these waterways are to be found in Mr. Gerald Bullett's book, "Germany" (A. and C. Black), which, by the way, has charming colour illustrations of various cities. Describing Hamburg, he writes: "The Old Town is low-lying and traversed by canals or *fleeten* (the same word as the 'fleet' in Fleet Street). These 'fleets' are more beautiful to look upon than to smell, but they do, as one authority remarks, 'add considerably to the picturesque quality of the meaner streets, and serve as convenient channels for the transport of goods.' It is they that have gained for Hamburg the name of 'Northern Venice.'" In those parts of the waterways that are in the open air, the canals are bordered by many warehouses, cellars, and dwellings of the humbler type. They are subject to the ebb and flow of the Elbe, and at certain times they are said to run almost dry.



Secret Beauties of the Cathedrals Revealed by the Camera:

HOW BOSSES ALMOST HIDDEN FROM SIGHT IN THE GLOOM OF LOFTY VAULTING ARE PHOTOGRAPHED CLEARLY.



By C. J. P. CAVE.

IT seems somewhat surprising that there should be a large body of mediæval carving in our cathedrals and other churches which is almost unknown and which has never been studied in any detail. The keystones of vaulting generally take the form of carved bosses; these are often high up, and their details are scarcely decipherable from the floor without the aid of field-glasses, and often the vaulting is so badly lighted that even with field-glasses details can scarcely be seen. And yet they are full of interest. They are, moreover, too frequently the only series of mediæval carvings in a church that have withstood the ravages of the too zealous reformer, and of the almost equally destructive restorer. Excepting in the case of cloisters, and a few other cases where the vaulting is low down and well lit, the bosses in our cathedrals have only been systematically recorded in two cases: in 1876 Dean Goulburn brought out a sumptuous volume with photographs of the bosses in the nave of Norwich Cathedral taken from scaffolding, a great photographic feat for its day; and in 1910 Miss Prideaux and Mr. Holt Shatto produced an illustrated book on the bosses of Exeter Cathedral. The photographs in neither book, however, can compare with what it is possible to get to-day. Modern methods allow quite large photographs of individual bosses to be taken: a 40-inch fixed-focus telephoto lens will show cobwebs on the roof 70 feet or more above the camera. The difficulty of dark corners and of the very feeble light that reaches the vaulting in some churches has been got over by the use of a portable searchlight worked by a twelve-volt battery, so that it is possible to work not only on dull days in winter, but actually at night, a consideration very useful in churches like Westminster Abbey, where the crowds of visitors make systematic photography almost impossible during the hours when the church is open to the public. The makers of photographic plates have in the last few years made much faster plates, so that, with modern lenses, plates, and methods of illumination, exposures have been cut down to a minimum: where a few years ago twenty minutes or half an hour was the very least time for an exposure, a couple of minutes is now the very maximum. Formerly, if the photographer got six or eight photographs in a day's work he thought himself lucky, and it was only on the brightest days in summer that he could expect as much; now in the same time he can get five or six dozen negatives, quite irrespective of weather.

The variety of subjects that is found in roof bosses is very surprising to those who have never studied them. The commonest form of boss is carved foliage; but besides this, one finds scenes from the Old and the New Testament, from the Book of Revelation, effigies of the Divine Persons, of saints, prophets, angels, censers or bearing musical instruments; heads or effigies of kings, bishops, abbots, canons, and a variety of other persons, including perhaps the masons who did the carving. We find grotesque heads and faces made up of leaves, and the curious *motif* of the head of a human being or of a beast with stems of plants growing out of the mouth. Sometimes the only human faces we find in the roof of a church are such heads, as at Salisbury, where one head alone, and that a foliate one, occurs in the numerous bosses of the roof. We also find birds, beasts, centaurs, mermaids, and various monsters, and, as in the nave of Winchester, curious distorted figures, half-animal and half-human. We find, too, scenes of the martyrdom of the

saints, such as the murder of St. Thomas à Becket at Exeter, and of St. Edmund at Tewkesbury. We also get shields bearing coats of arms, and emblems of the Passion, the Cross, the nails, the spear, and others less obvious, the crowing cock, the spitting Jew, the lantern, a set of dice, and many others.

The cathedral which has perhaps the best series of bosses is Exeter; here one finds bosses dating from about 1300 onwards, with a great variety of subjects, including portraits of kings and queens, and a charming figure of the great Bishop Grandison, under whom the nave was

the aisles of Westminster Abbey, and it seems likely that the Westminster carvers may have gone on to Lincoln, as early Canterbury carvers seem to have gone on to Chichester, and some of the later Chichester carvers to have gone on to Boxgrove and some other smaller churches in Sussex, Hampshire, and Surrey.

It is impossible to do more than mention a few examples of roof-bosses; the material is enormous, the points of interest many. In the centre of the eastern crossing at Canterbury, in the work of William of Sens, we find a boss with a representation of the Lamb bearing

the banner of the Resurrection, and with the heads of angels in the angles formed by the vaulting ribs. This design is unique in England, though common in France, but seldom executed with such spirit as this one. In Canterbury, too, is one of the earliest bosses (illustrated on the opposite page), that in the centre of the roof of the Treasury, a building of the middle of the twelfth century. It depicts four heads; the carving is archaic and the heads grotesque. Below in the undercroft is a boss of the same subject, but the execution is so crude that if it were a drawing one would say that it was done by a quite young child. Can it be an early attempt of an apprentice in the art of carving? Westminster Abbey has a fine set of foliage bosses in the work of Henry the Third's period, and in the aisles are figures in the best style; but these latter show very clearly the destructive effect of the London atmosphere. In the western part of the church the bosses are less interesting, but in the north aisle of the nave are two excellent examples of grotesque; the one at the west end seems to be meant for the sun with a human face, a design which occurs in similar positions elsewhere. Mention must be made, too, of the magnificent series of scenes from the life of Christ in the nave of Tewkesbury, flanked by angels bearing musical instruments and Passion emblems, and the four beasts of Revelation. The nave of Winchester has much foliage work and shields of arms, but nothing of very outstanding interest; but in the choir is a magnificent set of wooden bosses dating from the very earliest years of the sixteenth century, and bolted on to the older wooden roof. Those at the east end bear Passion emblems, probably the best set still existing in the country; the centre is taken up with the arms and badges of Henry VII., where Plantagenet badges are mingled with the Tudor, possibly for propaganda purposes; at the west end are the arms of Richard Fox, Henry the Seventh's right-hand man,

and of the sees of Exeter, Bath and Wells, Durham, and Winchester, which he successively held.

The object of the carved stone boss was to ornament the keystones of the vault; a wooden boss had no structural meaning, but was merely an ornament made in imitation of its stone congeners. But wooden bosses became common in the latter part of the fifteenth century. Perhaps the finest is the series giving scenes from the life of Christ in the chancel of Salle Church, Norfolk. The Fitzalan Chapel has a set of very life-like figures of old men. In both these places the death-watch beetle has worked some damage, and the worm-holes are quite clearly depicted in the photographs. Wooden bosses are among the very latest found; under the tower at Winchester is wooden vaulting of the time of Charles I., with many well-executed armorial bosses, and a very fine medallion portrait of Charles and Henrietta Maria.



PROBING THE HIDDEN BEAUTIES OF A GREAT CATHEDRAL WITH SEARCHLIGHT AND TELEPHOTO LENS: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE APPARATUS (BELOW, BY PILLAR); SHOWING ALSO THE STAR OF LIGHT FOCUSED ON THE BOSS WHICH IT IS INTENDED TO PHOTOGRAPH.

As recorded in the article on this page, the photographing of the roof-bosses of a cathedral was, up till recently, an extremely tedious business. In 1876 it was necessary to erect special scaffolding in order to secure photographs of the bosses in Norwich Cathedral. Modern methods, however, allow quite large photographs of individual bosses to be taken: a 40-in. fixed-focus telephoto lens will show cobwebs on the roof 70 ft. or more above the camera.

Photograph by C. J. P. Cave.

built. Here, too, thanks to the preservation of the fabric rolls, we know something of the carvers and of the prices paid for the work. No cathedral in England, probably in Europe, has so many roof-bosses as Norwich. In the nave alone there are 255, representing scenes from the Old and the New Testament; in the transepts is another series, 150 in number, bearing scenes from the early life of Christ. There are also a great number in the choir, but most are repetitions of the golden well head, the rebus of Bishop Goldwell; besides these there are interesting series in the Bauchon Chapel and in the cloisters. Perhaps the most beautiful bosses in this country are those in the aisles of the Angel Choir at Lincoln. There are not very many of them, but whether they represent the Coronation of the Virgin, the Tree of Jesse, or grotesque human figures, monsters, or mere foliage, they show a spirit and delicacy of carving which is unequalled elsewhere. Rather similar to these are some bosses in

ROOF-BOSS SCULPTURES REVEALED BY SEARCHLIGHT AND PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. J. P. CAVE (SEE HIS ARTICLE OPPOSITE).



ONE OF THE EARLIEST BOSSES KNOWN IN ENGLAND—IN THE CENTRE OF THE ROOF OF THE TREASURY, AT CANTERBURY: FOUR HEADS CARVED IN A QUAIN ARCHAIIC STYLE; ILLUMINATED BY SEARCHLIGHT AND PHOTOGRAPHED.



AN EXAMPLE FROM EXETER CATHEDRAL, DESCRIBED AS HAVING THE BEST SERIES OF BOSSES KNOWN—THE NAMES OF THE CARVERS AND THEIR FEES BEING ALSO PRESERVED: A MAN'S HEAD WITH FOLIAGE SPROUTING FROM THE MOUTH.



AN AMBITIOUS WORK IN EXETER CATHEDRAL: THE ENTIRE MARTYRDOM OF ST. THOMAS À BECKET CARVED ON A SINGLE BOSS ON THE CATHEDRAL ROOF.

As noted in the extremely interesting article on the opposite page, the carved bosses which decorate the keystones of most of our Gothic buildings have rarely been studied in detail, and constitute a province of mediæval architecture which has been up till now, quite unfairly, neglected. Bosses came into use in the thirteenth century, having their origin in a purely constructive function as keystones against which the ribs of the Gothic vault abutted; they were also developed to disguise the awkward mitres made by the meeting of the moulded ribs. In the fourteenth century the increase in the number of ribs led to a corresponding increase in the number of bosses, which, as part of the general



ANOTHER MARVEL OF COMPOSITION, WHICH, HOWEVER, SHOWS THE DESTRUCTIVE EFFECT OF THE LONDON ATMOSPHERE: AN ANNUNCIATION IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

scheme, gave to the vaults of this period what Sir Banister Fletcher in his "History of Architecture" calls an "extremely ornamental and web-like appearance." The interest of the bosses is increased by the fact that they are, too frequently, the only series of mediæval carvings in a church to have escaped the ravages of reformers and the often misguided attentions of restorers. Photographing them presents numerous difficulties, which can be imagined; but that these have been triumphantly overcome by the author of the article printed opposite may be judged from the excellence of the photographs here reproduced, which leave nothing to be desired for clarity and revelation of detail.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

TO EVERY MAN HIS OWN "COINAGE."

By FRANK DAVIS.

mercilessly.) (Fig. 1.) Halfpenny token of Ralph Lucas, of the White Bear Tavern, Abchurch Lane—a famous hostelry destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666, and immediately rebuilt by a M. Pontack, who hailed from Bordeaux. It was well known for its claret and its French cooking, and was later a favourite resort of Dean Swift.

(Fig. 2.) The Maidenhead in Aldersgate Street is supposed to have been set up in compliment to Catherine Parr, the sixth wife of Henry VIII., who was fortunate enough to survive him. A more sombre memory is evoked by Fig. 3: "David Gillat at the Pie without Aldgate, 1671," with a magpie in the centre, for it is "The Pye Tavern, over against the end of Houndsditch," which is described by Daniel Defoe in his "Memoirs of the Plague." He tells how

in full—Will and Elizabeth North—a very unusual compliment to the sex.

The little token of Fig. 7, with its portrait of Henry VIII., is from "The King's Head Tavern at Chancery Lane End," a well-known house said to have been erected on the site of the mansion of Sir John Oldcastle, the original of Shakespeare's Falstaff; it was here that the Popish Plot of 1678 was (partly, at any rate) hatched, and it is mentioned by Pepys on several occasions. It was pulled down in 1799.

The penny token of Fig. 8 is rather a good piece of work; the size is unusual, and St. George is killing his dragon with neatness and dispatch—a curious precursor of our own St. George on the sovereign.

This one is, of course, the inn sign.

With Fig. 9—the Mitre in Fenchurch Street—we get very close to a familiar name. The initials D. M. R. on this token represent Daniel Rawlinson, citizen and vintner, and his wife, Margaret. It is impossible to reproduce in full the references in Pepys' Diary to these two worthy people, and I must refer you to the entries for Aug. 6, 9, and 10, 1666. That of the 10th is: "So homeward, and hear in Fenchurch-streete, that now the mayde also is dead at Mr. Rawlinson's: so that there are three dead in all, the wife, a man-servant, and mayde-servant."

The strange object in the centre of Fig. 10 is a rainbow—and the Rainbow in Fleet Street seems to have been the second coffee-house opened in London, the first being Bowman's in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill. Aubrey, writing in 1680, speaks of Bowman's as having been established in 1652, and continues: "'Twas about four years before any other

was set up, and that was by Mr. Farr"—the issuer of this piece in 1666.

The device on Fig. 11—an Indian holding a bow and arrow—is one of the supporters of the arms of the Distillers' Company, and Henry Young, whose token it is, is remembered for certain evidence concerning alleged Jesuit threats to make England Roman Catholic—evidence he gave before one of the Committees of Inquiry held after the Great Fire.

Finally, there is Fig. 12, 1666, with a view of old Moorgate. I should add that these are but twelve examples of many thousands in existence, each one of which has some bearing, however slight, upon people or places or events which have had their influence upon the evolution of London.

THE Middle Ages and the years right down to the time of Charles II. will always have their infatuated panegyrists who can see no good in our modern way of life. I propose to talk about one very odd disability from which we, at least, are free, and of a seventeenth-century attempt to remedy it. This is the dearth of small change, which for many centuries seems to have remained a perpetual annoyance to the whole population and a real hardship to the poor. Until 1672 there was no regal copper coinage. Silver, of course, had always been issued under the various monarchs, but a base metal was apparently considered beneath their dignity. I illustrate a few examples of an attempt on the part of the individual tradesman to remedy this absurd state of affairs during the thirty years or so previous to 1672. They are rather grubby little objects, of small artistic merit and, of course, of no intrinsic value; yet, as I hope to make reasonably plain, they are uncommonly interesting for the light they throw upon the bread-and-butter conditions of the time. Also—and this is not without importance in a series of pages designed to cater for the pockets of both rich and poor—there are thousands of these tokens in existence, and not many cost more than two or three shillings at current prices.

Briefly, then, each trader found it necessary to issue tokens for a farthing or a halfpenny in lieu of non-existent legal small change. The disadvantages of so casual a method of issuing what we may call promises to pay are obvious: the tokens would pass for currency in the next street, or in the same small town, where the trader was known, but would be hopelessly inadequate for general business purposes. That very common-sensical diarist, John Evelyn, has the following paragraph about them—

"The tokens which every tavern and tippling-house in the days of anarchy amongst us presumed to stamp and utter for immediate exchange as they were passable through the neighbourhood, which, though seldom reaching further than the next street or two, may happily in after-time come to exercise and busie the learned critic what they should signify, and fill whole volumes with their conjectures"—a prophecy which has come to pass.

And now for the individual items, which are all from London. (As space is limited, I abbreviate



TOKENS THAT DID DUTY FOR SMALL CHANGE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, BEFORE THE INTRODUCTION OF A PERMANENT ROYAL COPPER COINAGE: INTERESTING RELICS OF FAMOUS OLD LONDON INNS AND ALE-HOUSES, MOSTLY DATING FROM THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

The tokens (which will be found fully discussed in the article on this page) are: (1) ½d. Token of Ralph Lucas of the White Bear Tavern, Abchurch Lane; (2) token of the Maidenhead in Aldersgate Street; (3) token of David Gillat at the Pie without Aldgate; (4) token of Edward Heath at the "Sir Thomas Gresham" in Bartholomew Lane (Threadneedle Street); (5) token of John Eldridge, a Billingsgate distiller; (6) a token on which the names of both the tradesman and his wife are given; (7) token of the King's Head Tavern at Chancery Lane End; (8) St. George and the Dragon on a Cheapside token; (9) token of the Mitre in Fenchurch Street, a tavern frequented by Pepys; (10) token of the Rainbow in Fleet Street; (11) a token bearing the device of the Distillers' Company; and (12) a token with a view of old Moorgate.

Photograph Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Spink and Son.

the low frequenters of this tavern would jeer at the dead-cart and the mourners as they passed on their way to the plague-pit, and how within a fortnight all were dead and buried in the same hole.

Fig. 4, issued by Ed. Heath at Sir Tho. Gresham in Bartholomew Lane (Threadneedle Street), is interesting as showing that early exponent of big business hand on sword-hilt and flat cap on head. Fig. 5, from a Billingsgate distiller, is remarkable for its octagonal form: the owner was burned out in 1666, and moved to Drury Lane, where he issued another token in the following year.

The point about the otherwise rather ordinary piece of Fig. 6 is that the name of the wife is given



SUN HEALTH TOURS

If Midsummer, 1932, be memorable for nothing else, it will be recalled as a vintage period of sunshine. But the year is mellowing. The evenings will soon be drawing in with autumnal chill. Then the dark days and the depths of winter! How to escape them?

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER.

SEPTEMBER always brings announcements of the new Austin and Morris programmes, and, following custom, Sir William Morris published his list on Sept. 1, while Sir Herbert Austin waited until Sept. 5 to proclaim his 1933 programme of novelties. The best piece of news that I can give my readers is that no alteration has been made in any prices of the Morris models from last year's list, so that owners of 1932 cars will only have the normal depreciation for usage to reduce the cash value of their present cars. That in itself is a great boon. The new Morris cars, with their four-speed gear-boxes, "traffic lights" as signalling direction indicators, and their other improved features provided in the equipment, are therefore better value than ever. Added to last year's range is the new Morris 10-h.p. car and the "Family Minor" of 8 h.p., the latter taking the place of last year's "Morris Eight" with an overhead-valve engine. The "Family Minor" has a side-by-side valve motor and is a more roomy car than the ordinary "Minors." It costs less than the old "Eight" O.V.H. model, as the sliding-head saloon is listed at £145 and the Sports Coupé at £165; the latter being £10 cheaper than the "Eight" Sports Coupé of the 1932 series.

All sized pockets are catered for, as the list ranges from £100 for the two-seater Morris "Minor" with a three-speed gear-box (£105 if four-speed) to £350 for the full-sized handsome Morris 18-h.p. Isis. Horse-powers are also equally varied, as the programme gives the choice of 8 h.p., 10 h.p., and 12 h.p., all of four cylinders; and 14 h.p., 16 h.p., and 18 h.p., all with six-cylinder engines. The 16 h.p. is a new introduction, displacing the 15-h.p. Morris "Oxford" of last season and selling at the same prices as those models. It is a much improved car, with all the additional new features embodied in all the Morris cars for 1933. Signalling indicators, Startex anti-stalling engine switch, Lockheed self-adjusting hydraulic brakes, automatic radiator shutters or radiator stone-guards, Bishop cam steering, a quick action petrol-filler cap on the rear tank, dual-blade screen-wipers, Triplex safety glass all round, S.U. carburettors, petrolift fuel pumps, and electric petrol-gauge on the dash, are common to all, with window louvres to the "Major," "Oxford" and "Isis" sliding-head saloons and to all special coupés. The exception to this equipment range is the "Minor," which has signals and a few other items. The 12-h.p. Cowleys have the organ type of accelerator

pedal, and this car also has a radiator stone-guard similar to that fitted on the "Minor" and "Ten" models. The "traffic" red, amber, green signalling indicators are not fitted on the "Minors," nor is the Startex on any of the four-cylinder models. But throughout the whole range much attention has been paid in the improvement of details to give a better road performance.

Wide Range of Austins.

A very progressive range in prices, powers, and coachwork is provided in the new Austin Motors production programme for the 1933 season. The demand by the public for economy cars had caused the Austin Motor Company to produce a new four-cylinder model, styled the "Light-Twelve-Four," rated at 11.9 h.p., and with a chassis similar to the light "Twelve-Six" of six-cylinders. Now the public have a choice of seven chassis with 26 different models to choose from, ranging from the £8 taxed Austin "Baby Seven" to the 20-h.p. Austin six-cylinder limousine for seven persons. A reduction has also been made in last season's price list, so that Austin car buyers now receive improved cars at lower cost this next year. The "Baby" has had its petrol tank placed at the back of the chassis and is now fitted with a four-speed forward twin-top gear-box. This is the eleventh year of this Austin "Seven," and its partisans will find it full of improvements, while costing from £3 to £13 less, according to the coachwork. The 10-h.p. Austin prices remain unchanged, from £148 for the two-seater to £168, the cost of the saloon de luxe. The new "Light-Twelve-Four" of four cylinders is listed at £168 for the touring models to £198 for the saloon de luxe. This chassis has its engine mounted on three rubber pads, and claims to have a low fuel and oil consumption. Its 1535-c.c. engine develops 24 brake h.p. at 2400 revs. per minute, so that it is quite fast and has an excellent acceleration. Leather upholstery, Magna wire wheels, and bumpers are included on all the open models of this new 12-h.p. Austin. Thermostat automatic cooling has been added to the 14-h.p. six-cylinder "Twelve-Six," as well as Magna hub wire wheels and bright chromium-plated lamps on the de luxe saloon. This coachwork is also improved by the adoption of a composite body construction which eliminates interior noise. The larger "Twelve-Four" of 13 h.p. four cylinders has now Thermostat automatic water-cooling control, which is also fitted to the "Sixteen" and "Twenty" six-cylinder models. I think the new five-seating de luxe saloon, styled the "Berkeley," on the 16-h.p. chassis will suit a large number of owners at its price of £318.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE POPULARITY OF BACH.

THE most densely crowded audience at the Queen's Hall during the past week was on the Wednesday night devoted wholly to Bach. When one considers the programme for that night, one is amazed at the sheer physical ability of the thousands of promenaders literally to stand it. There were nine items, which included two Brandenburg Concertos, Nos. 1 and 3; two Concertos for two pianofortes and strings, No. 1 in C minor, and No. 2 in C; one Concerto for three pianofortes and strings, No. 2 in C; a Suite for full orchestra, No. 6; the "Agnus Dei" aria from the B minor Mass; a Sonata from Church Cantata No. 31; an aria from Church Cantata No. 85; and a Recitation and Chorale from Church Cantata No. 94.

It is a curious fact that we in England have always been addicted to longer musical programmes than is the custom abroad. Nearly all foreign musicians comment on this fact, and in Praeger's book on Wagner he relates that when Wagner conducted the Royal Philharmonic Society's concert on April 30, 1855, there was nearly a rupture between Wagner and the directors. "Wagner," he remarks, "had a decided objection to long programmes. 'The London public,' he said, 'overfeed themselves with music; they cannot healthily digest the lengthy menu provided for them.'"

If one wanted a proof that Wagner was right, one could cite the Bach nights at the Promenades and this particular concert more especially. Whether it is because their minds are dulled with the sheer amount of music and the monotony of style at a Bach night, or whether the mere mechanism of Bach's music makes up for the lack of musical qualities in its performance for both players and audience, it is a fact that the standard of performance usually falls on a Bach night, but without in the least affecting the enthusiasm of the audience.

MUSICAL SEWING-MACHINES.

I nearly always get the impression on these Bach evenings that the soloists and the orchestra have been turned into musical sewing-machines, executing their musical stitches automatically and regularly. But not machines of a very advanced type, not Rolls-Royces, or supercharged Mercedes, but mere honest-to-goodness, stock sewing-machines. On this occasion I am afraid that Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson, who played the Concerto No. 2 in C for

[Continued overleaf.]

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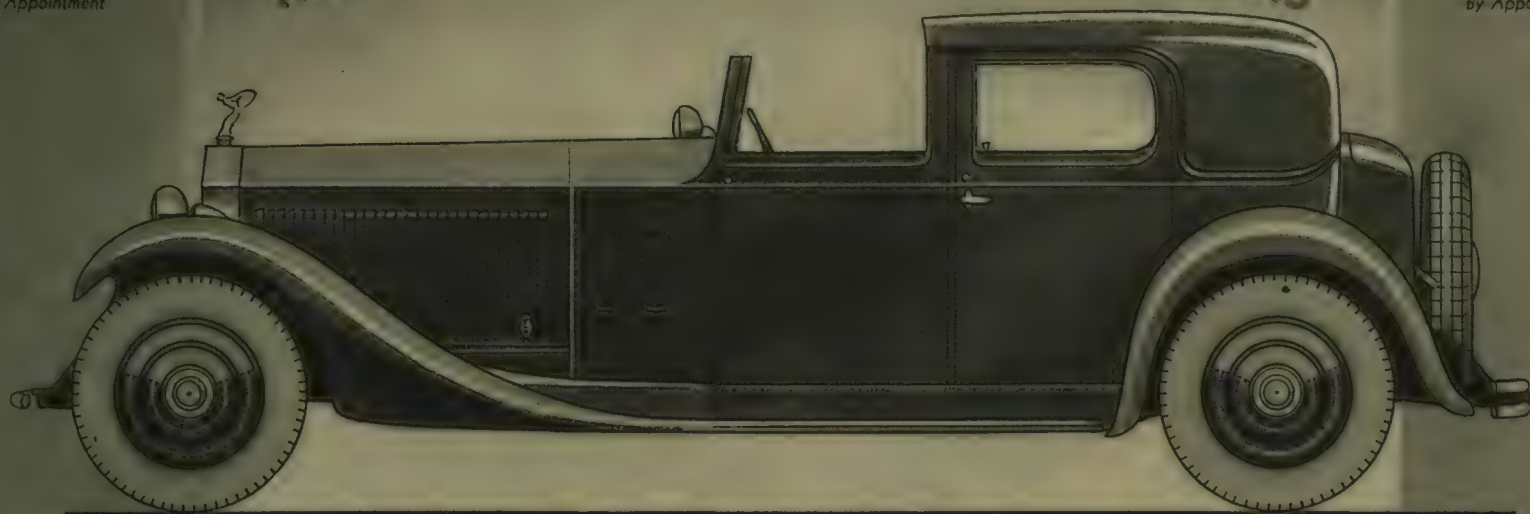


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(Continued.)

two pianofortes and strings, came into this category, and I fear they have got into this bad habit of playing ponderously and mechanically which afflicts the orchestra on Bach nights. I left the concert half-way through the first part, but when I left the musicians and the public were well under the spell of Bach, pounding away contentedly.

WHY IS BACH POPULAR?

I believe the popularity of Bach among our musical amateurs of to-day is due to the fact that in his music they can perceive most distinctly the form of musical construction. Nearly all young musicians and music-lovers are more developed intellectually than emotionally. What appeals to them in Bach is the musical logic which is clearer and more transparent to their minds in his contrapuntal music than in the more subtle sonata form. It pleases them to perceive and recognise the pattern-making, and, naturally, they rather prefer the sewing-machine type of performance which marks, with exaggerated definiteness, the lines of the pattern, the beginnings and the ends of the designs.

A FINE CONCERT.

The proof that the character of the music affects the quality of the playing might be found in the far superior performance of the orchestra and soloists on the preceding Tuesday, a Haydn-Mozart night. The leader of the 'cellos in the B.B.C. orchestra, Mr. Lauri Kennedy, was the soloist in the Haydn Violoncello Concerto in D. Mr. Kennedy seemed very nervous when he began, but he recovered and gave a most sensitive and musicianly performance. The performance of Mozart's G minor Symphony, under Sir Henry Wood, was straightforward, vigorous, and clean, the playing being far better than at the Bach concert the next night.

I must congratulate Sir Henry Wood, or whoever is responsible, for the selection of the Concert Aria No. 4 (Scena and Cavatina), by Mozart (K272), which Miss Evelyn Scotney sang. Although this aria was written in 1777, when Mozart was only twenty-one, it is a gem. Miss Scotney has many merits as a singer, one being her purity of tone, but she does not put all the expression into her rendering of this beautiful aria that it calls for.

A PERFECT PROGRAMME.

I consider this Tuesday evening's programme to be a perfect example of proper planning. After the Mozart and Haydn items we had the Suite "Le Coq

d'Or," by Rimsky-Korsakov, which to my mind is a perfect example of good light music. It is brilliantly scored, full of colour and variety, and is never ineffective. I am not sure that this Suite does not show Rimsky-Korsakov at his best. W. J. TURNER.

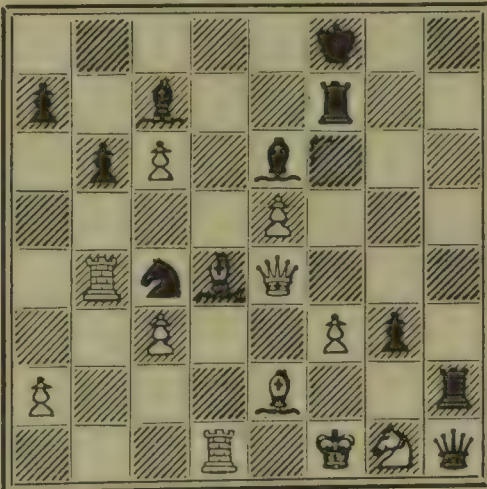
CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Illustrated London News," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

GAME PROBLEM No LXX.

BLACK (10 pieces).



WHITE (12 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 5k2; 6b2r2; 1pP1b3; 4P3; 1rRbQ3; 2P2Pp1; 3P3B2r; 3R1KSq.]

White to play and mate in five moves.

The above position, taken from the new "Every Game Checkmate," must be added to our Gallery of Blunders. Black actually lost the game from the diagram position, when he might have won the Queen by BB4, or, better still, might have announced mate in five. Both the players were well-known masters.

LASKER'S "CHESS MANUAL" (Printing-Craft 18, Featherstone Buildings, W.C.2; 12s. 6d.).—Of all the world champions of Chess, Dr. Lasker was probably the most logical and scientific. He is a philosopher as well as a chess-master, and in this book he not only shows how philosophical reasoning may improve the play of the chess student, but how the principles of chess may be made the foundation of a scheme of philosophy. He pays a high tribute, with which we respectfully agree, to the original genius of Wilhelm Steinitz, and completes that master's work of placing the true values on positional and combinative play. As a manual, the book contains comparatively few games, but it gives the student what is far more important, an insight into the principles underlying master-play, and the mental processes of a master in arriving at that hall-mark of mastership—position judgment. It is a book that should be read by all intelligent chess-players, and will interest the novice as much as the club champion.

REVOLUTIONARY FUTURISM AND ITS CHAOS.

(Continued from Page 408.)

To answer this question it is sufficient to glance at the history of the nineteenth century. Between 1848 and 1914, the opposition to representative government and the régime of liberty was made in the name of tradition and the past—monarchy, aristocracy, and the Church. The liberal and democratic doctrines were combated as being revolutionary; and they were so in reality, at that period, in comparison with the past. To-day the disasters of 1914-1918 have made themselves felt; the monarchy and aristocracy have become too weak to carry on the struggle alone; the Church, both in Protestant as well as Catholic countries, in political questions, when it does not range itself on the side against which it fought for a century, detaches itself more and more from the past.

Under these conditions, the struggle against universal suffrage, against political and intellectual liberty, against the representative régime, would have ceased, had it not been resumed by revolutionary forces with revolutionary aims. The Revolution of 1848 and those that preceded it are attacked to-day not from the point of view of the past, but from the point of view of the future. It seems that they were false revolutions; that the true revolution is yet to come! And, in order that it should come more quickly, a beginning is being made by suppressing political liberty and the representative régime, those two innovations which the conservative forces had combated with so much vigour in the nineteenth century.

Probe the doctrines that govern Italy and Russia to-day; try to discover what is at the bottom of the National-Socialist movement in Germany. You will find one common idea—the suppression of political and intellectual liberty, that great revolutionary conquest of the nineteenth century, justified in view of a greater revolution already made or in store. It is the higher bid of revolution leading for the time being to universal slavery, to régimes far more restrictive than the absolute monarchies of the seventeenth century. If Germany, too, allowed herself to be drawn into that movement, to-morrow two thirds of Europe would be subjected to those régimes of revolutionary despotism.

Such is the enormous paradox that, little by little, in the last thirteen years, has been in the process of becoming reality before our startled eyes. It must be realised, if we wish to prevent the whole of the West being swallowed up in this chaos. Above all, this paradox should be realised by those nations—fortunately there are still some left, both in Europe and America—who still rejoice in legitimate Governments, because they had the good fortune, before the great catastrophe, to organise governing bodies capable of functioning. To-day it is to those nations that the task falls of restoring some order to the world. By what means? The more I reflect on this terrible problem, the more it seems clear to me that these peoples should reply to the reversal of positions caused by the revolutionary doctrines with a corresponding reversal. They must give

[Continued overleaf.]

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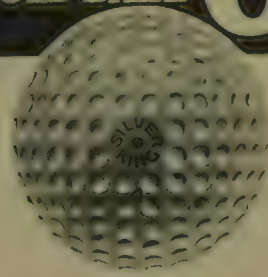
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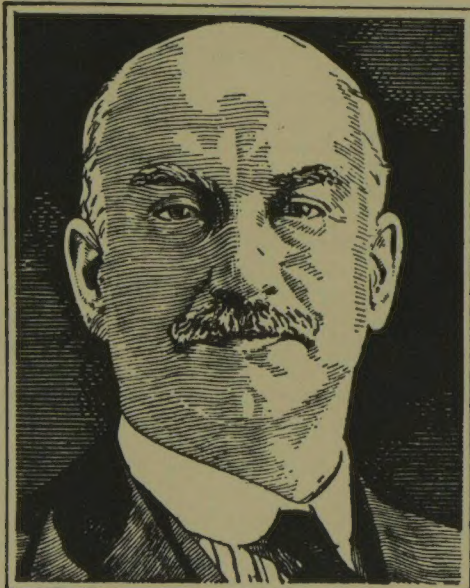
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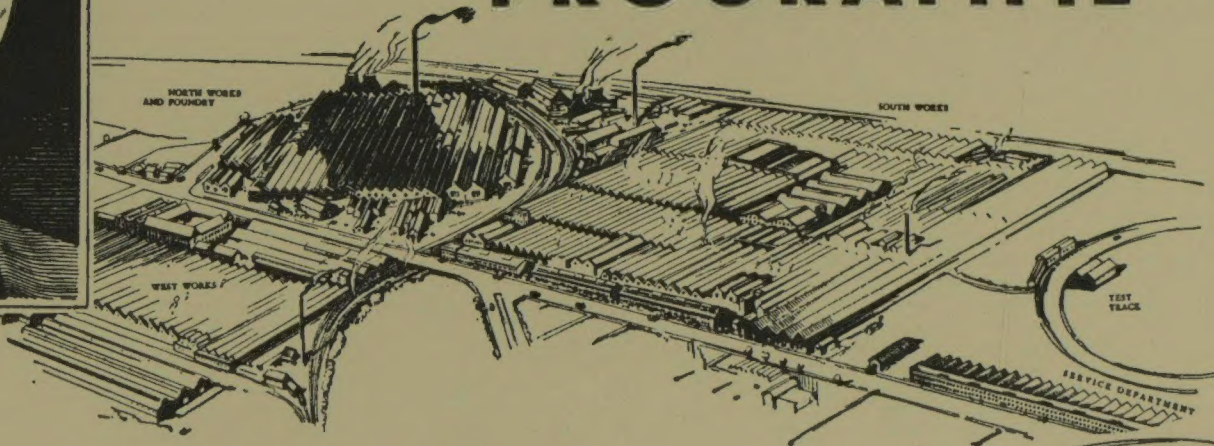
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—the Light Twelve-Four, a car priced at under £200, with a large four-seater de luxe saloon body, four-cylinder power unit, and four-speed Twin-Top gearbox. Built along similar lines to the famous Twelve-Six, this car has a remarkably flexible engine of advanced design, rated at 11.9 h.p., yet developing 24 brake horse-power. Insulated engine-suspension at three points results in a smooth flow of power. The Light Twelve-Four is also available as a Standard Saloon, a Tourer, and as a Two-Seater. Tax £12.

2. NEW SIXTEEN SALOON

—the Berkeley, with appealing body lines—drop-mounted, long, sleek—and sloping windscreen, streamline front and inclined door pillars as features of its fine contours. The interior improvements include a new flood-lit instrument panel.

3. NEW RANELAGH LIMOUSINE

—a body design which makes this magnificent seven-seater even more than ever like a £1,000 car. Its streamline front, waistline moulding and petrol tank housing, all new, enhance its superb lines.

4. TWO NEW TEN-FOUR MODELS

Companion cars to the famous Ten-Four Saloon—the Tourer and Two-Seater, with quickly erected all-weather equipment. The contour of the back panelling of the Ten-Four de luxe Saloon has also been improved, and larger lamps and Magna wheels with larger sized tyres (4.50 ins. x 18 ins.) added.

5. TWO IMPROVED BODIES ON THE SEVEN

A Four-Seater Tourer and a Two-Seater, both on the long wheelbase chassis. These new roomy bodies, finer in appearance, give greater riding comfort.

6. TWIN-TOP FOUR-SPEED GEARBOX ON THE SEVEN

at no extra charge, results in better all-round performance and greater driving-ease. Wider brake-drums increase braking efficiency. Other refinements include new finger-tip engine controls on the steering wheel and an improved position for the engine starter.

7. REAR PETROL TANK ON THE SEVEN

is a new feature, coupled with a petrol pump feed, a new horizontal-type carburettor, and a petrol gauge on a new instrument panel.

8. THERMOSTATIC COOLING

A thermostatic cooling system is introduced on the Twenty, Sixteen, Twelve-Four, and Light Twelve-Six models, thus giving greatest engine efficiency whatever the weather and road conditions.

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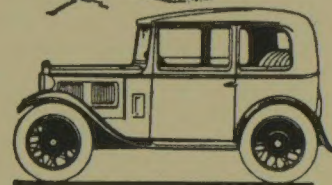
Hydraulic shock-absorbers and Silentbloc suspension coupled with free-flex zinc spring-interleaving for easier riding... heat-proof scuttle, fume-aprons to gear and brake levers and forward-drop exhaust for engine heat and fume isolation.

10. EASIER CONTROL AND SAFETY

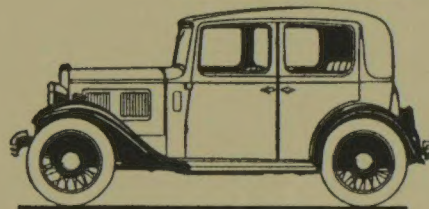
Direct-control four-speed gearbox throughout the range, direct-coupled brakes with warning light on all models (excepting the Seven) and windscreen and all windows of Triplex glass.

11. COACHWORK IMPROVEMENTS

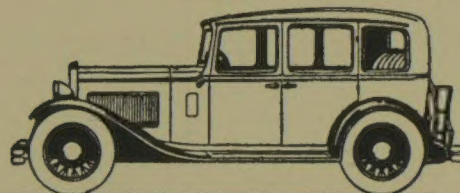
All coachwork is designed to give minimum body 'overhang' for the most comfortable riding. (A particularly good example of this practice is the Ten-Four Saloon). All de luxe models have chromium plated lamps, while Magna wheels and bumpers front and rear are fitted on all de luxe models excepting the Seven.



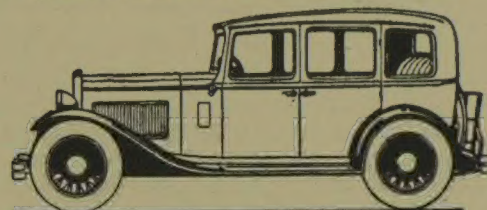
THE SEVEN SALOON



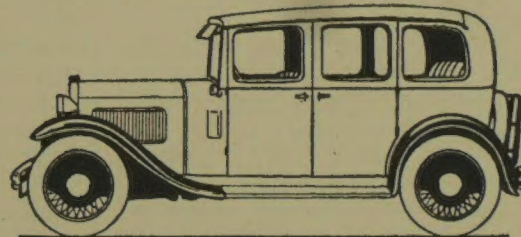
THE TEN-FOUR SALOON



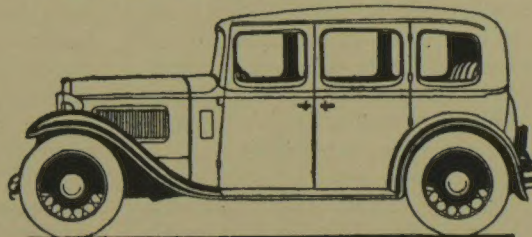
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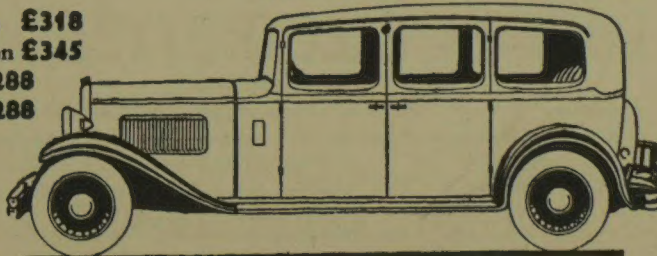
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Two-Seater	-	-	£148

LIGHT TWELVE-FOUR MODELS

De Luxe Saloon	-	-	£198
Standard Saloon	-	-	£178
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TWELVE-FOUR MODELS

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up the ambition to be looked upon as the champions of progressive ideas, and unhesitatingly set up the principles of representative and political liberty, yesterday considered revolutionary, as principles of order and social preservation against the futurist chaos that is arising on all sides to swallow up the liberties and fortunes of the world.

If Germany, to-day wavering, threw herself into the futurist chaos of the new despotisms, among the great Powers there would remain, as defenders of liberty, only France, England, and the United States. But those three countries, together with a certain number of smaller ones—Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, and the Scandinavian States—to-day possess all the decisive elements of power; the most powerful armies and fleets, the capital, the largest agricultural and industrial production, and the great centres of intellectual culture. Besides that, they possess Governments whose right to command is undisputed, and an active, enlightened, ever mobilisable public spirit—the decisive superiority over countries subjected to the new despotism. The free nations are still living peoples, not automatons set in motion by bureaucratic machines.

The free countries therefore seem strong enough, if they so wish, to hold out against the universal disorder. They need only one thing more: to realise the privileged situation in which they find themselves in spite of all the reverses that they are undergoing, and the duties to the world that this situation entails. To be in enjoyment of liberty at a time when they see two-thirds of the world groaning under the hardest despotisms of history, that alone is a privilege almost divine: I never cease repeating it to my Swiss, French, English, or American friends who are over-inclined to take that august privilege for granted. But these countries have not only liberty, with the blessings that spring from it; they possess also—in spite of the economic crisis, the losses and diminished incomes—the wherewithal to live. That is another privilege that is becoming rarer and rarer, and seems to associate itself more and more with the continuance of a régime of liberty.

People are once more beginning to die of starvation in the world—a terrible conclusion to a century of hard work. We must not forget that the distress brought on by the war and over-population is one of the root causes of the intellectual and moral disorder in which Germany is in danger of being engulfed. Liberty and the wherewithal to live!—to-day that, for a people, is happiness indeed; a happiness now become so rare that for a people in possession of it there is entailed a duty: to be a model—that is to say, a reason to hope—for the peoples less favoured.

For nations, as for individuals, hope is the supreme need, the last chance of salvation in times of trial. We are asked to believe that there are nations that like despotism, that require it in order to be happy. There have been, and there are still, many nations that have not had, or

that have not now, the strength to break their chains; there never have been any that have wanted and liked bondage. That is particularly true of our period, which had begun to give a taste of the joys of liberty to many nations in Europe, America, and even in Asia and Africa. In every country there are many who would infinitely prefer, to the hypothetic benefits promised by the revolutions that have broken out since 1917, the order that reigns in Switzerland, France, or England, notwithstanding all its drawbacks. But they are scattered and discouraged.

We find ourselves in the midst of a crisis of new-born liberty called into being by the World War and its aftermath. Such is the inner meaning of the events that have been astounding us for ten years. As liberty is not the caprice of a few generations, but a movement with deep-seated reasons—in fact, the greatest revolution of the West after Christianity, of which it is the continuation—it is not possible to doubt the eventual outcome of the crisis. But that is why the nations that enjoy wide political, intellectual, and civil liberties will remain the guides of humanity—on condition that they withstand the revolutionary futurism that is gaining so many minds to-day.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"FIFTY-FIFTY," AT THE ALDWYCH.

"FIFTY-FIFTY," or, in other words, the law of averages, was a theory of Azais, the French philosopher. He held that unhappiness was always balanced by happiness, poverty by riches. David Blake, a music master, was greatly cheered when he heard this; for he was exactly thirty-five, and, having lived half his allotted span in misery and want, he could now, if Azais spoke true, look forward to a future of happiness and wealth. He was so buoyed up by the thought that he went out and spent his few remaining francs on a new suit, shaved off the scrubby moustache that didn't suit him, and cut such a debonair appearance that Sir Charles Croft appointed him at sight as manager of his casino in St. Nectare. David was loved by Peggy Croft, but he, loving her mother, endeavoured to marry her off to a Vicomte, who had fallen in love with her through listening to her splashing in her bath. There were other strange happenings, including the appearance of a revue star who had been made love to by Sir Charles Croft; but, though the plot was amusing enough and sufficiently plausible, the dialogue was dull. The Aldwych authors have taught us to expect a laugh in every line, but

Mr. H. F. Maltby, probably ill at ease in adapting this play from the French, was not his usual witty self. Mr. J. Robertson Hare had nothing very amusing to do, save look miserable, and once, when he secured the managership of the casino, triumphantly complacent. Mr. Morris Harvey played Sir Charles Croft on broad and successful enough lines, and Miss Winifred Shotter made a charming Peggy. Mr. Ralph Lynn was at the top of his form. As the shabby, down-trodden music teacher in the first act he was admirable, and later his customary engaging self.

"THE WAY TO THE STARS," AT WYNDHAM'S.

Mr. Philip Leaver's second play is again a disappointment. There is an effective scene in the second act, but both the first and third lack movement, consisting of merely idle, and only infrequently witty, chatter. Paul Wagner Cartwheel is a highbrow musician, who in secret writes popular jazz numbers. The jazz brings him material prosperity, but the adulation he receives makes him dissatisfied with his home life. So he neglects his wife, but, when he returns from a concert and finds her alone with her lover, he is greatly indignant. The scene between the three is a very effective one. Interest was not greatly held in the third act, for it was inevitable that husband and wife should realise that they had loved each other all the time, and come together again. Good performances were given by Mr. Leslie Banks, Miss Joyce Kennedy, Miss Gwen Frangcon-Davies, and Mr. Francis Lister.

"OXFORD BLAZERS," AT THE LITTLE.

This is a very jolly entertainment, and quite up to the level of the average professional revue. Mr. Giles Playfair, as the compère, was a trifle too heavy. The comedian of the company is Mr. John Glyn-Jones, who scored in a fine burlesque of a Russian folk-song. In addition to writing most of the music, Mr. Anthony Spurgeon very cleverly suggested the agony of a shy youth sitting out a dance. Messrs. Desmond Davis, Christopher Hassall, Michael Sayer, and Raymond Williams also did good work. The undergraduates were supported by a team of talented professional ladies. Miss Nadine March gave a riotously funny impression of a barmaid of the eighteen-nineties; Miss Florence McHugh sang delightfully; and Miss Margery Binner made several vivacious appearances.

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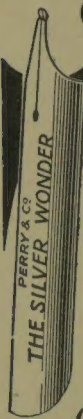


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